

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 446, Vol. 17.

May 14, 1864.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

M. THIERS AND M. DE PERSIGNY.

THE debate on the French Budget has given M. THIERS the opportunity of making another great speech. He wisely contents himself with occasional efforts, and is aware that the effect is much greater than if he constantly assumed an attitude of eager hostility and seemed always anxious to enter into a petty war of details. Even when he speaks on great occasions, he is never very bitter. He appears as an Imperialist who thinks that the Empire might be made a great deal better—a man whom old age, and disappointment, and wisdom have made indifferent to the form of things, and who only wishes to save his country from embarrassment. The Chamber likes to hear him speak, for he does not wound its feelings; he adds lustre to its meetings, and he tells many truths that every one owns or feels it is good to hear told. He has now shown that the Budget has greatly increased in the last twelve years, that it will continue to be as large, and that the disguises under which the increase is supposed to be veiled are of the flimsiest description. By calling the Budget which supplies the money wanted to carry out the special policy of the EMPEROR sometimes supplementary, sometimes "rectificative," and sometimes definitive, it is hoped that the French people may not notice that they are really paying about twenty millions a year more in taxes than they used to do before the Empire began. But M. THIERS is not of opinion that any serious reduction can be made. It is true that, if affairs go on in Mexico to the satisfaction of the Archduke and the bondholders, the drain for that expensive enterprise may cease; and possibly the day may come when the large towns of France may be satisfied with improvements on a less magnificent scale than they claim at present. But the great bulk of the expense must go on. More especially, M. THIERS scouts the notion of disarmament as a means of saving. France cannot disarm, for she is not armed. She alone, of all the Powers of Europe, is wholly on a peace footing. English readers will wonder how it is that we too are not as peaceable, and will learn with some surprise that it is the fortifications at Portsmouth, at Alderney, and Dover which make the difference. France has reduced her force to a minimum. She has only 250,000 men ready at once for war, with a power of immediately doubling that number; and no Frenchman who loves his country can complain of that. Nor is M. THIERS severe on the past. He acknowledges that the splendour with which the EMPEROR has adorned his Government was a legitimate part of his system, and that the augmentation of pay given to the Civil Service was wisely bestowed and richly deserved. The Crimean war has been one of the chief sources of the outlay of the Empire, and M. THIERS highly approves of the Crimean war. According to the usual practice of French statesmen, he couches his opinion in an epigrammatic mystery, and says that he always foresaw that the coalition made in the West was to be dissolved in the East, and that he only hopes it may not be on the eve of being once more reproduced in the West. He takes us on humbler and more intelligible ground when he informs us that he in some measure disapproves of the Italian war, because it led to Free Trade. That is to say, France was isolated from her Continental friends by this war, and so had to make up to England. But England, with her ordinary shopkeeping perfidy, exacted a Treaty of Commerce as the price of her alliance, and under this treaty the pestilential principles of Free Trade crept into France. There was, however, no violent attack on the general policy of the Empire in what M. THIERS said, and no attack at all on the present Budget. Only M. THIERS thought that, in the past, many errors which have led to expenses might have been avoided if there had been a free discussion permitted as to the expediency of the plans proposed. So in the future, unless there is free discussion, new errors will be made and new expenses incurred, unless there is so much liberty

allowed as will offer a serious obstacle to the acceptance of a dangerous and ill-considered project. An Opposition orator could scarcely give his opposition a milder form than this.

M. DE PERSIGNY, on the other hand, sees everything in the rosiest hue. The Empire has now entered on a period of perfect glory, and perfect security. "I anxiously look on every side," he observed, "and I cannot conceive any source whatever from which the Empire could be menaced; for every one wishes for the Empire, and loves it, and how can any one dislike what every one cherishes?" But then it seems to have occurred to this enthusiast that the Paris elections were scarcely in harmony with his theory; and he takes some trouble to show that they really fall in with it. His final solution of the difficulty is, that large towns ought not to count when a person is speaking of a great nation. Large towns are not, in a way, reasonable or accountable. It is their way to go and choose the wrong sort of men, as history proves. There was, for example, the celebrated WILCAS, who was four times elected by the large town of Middlesex, and four times rejected as infamous by the English Parliament. It is not the fault of the inhabitants of large towns that this should be so. M. DE PERSIGNY knows them to be clever, generous, and patriotic. But, partly owing to the effects of agglomeration, as he says, and partly owing to their unhappy circumstances, they naturally, and as if by a kind of perverse law of nature, choose the wrong sort of deputies. So M. DE PERSIGNY, having thus eliminated them from his moral consciousness, turns his whole thoughts to the happy world of rural life, and finds all France there. He, however, took care not to puff up his hearers unduly, and although it was an agricultural meeting that he was addressing, he wished to point out that it is not on account of any innate moral or religious superiority that they possess a clearness and calmness of political insight denied to Paris and Marseilles. It is simply that they know the candidates personally, and can see who are honest and able men; and as all honest and able men love the Empire, the rural elector is sure to choose a devoted Imperialist. Perhaps, too, although M. de PERSIGNY thought it decorous to omit it, his choice may be better than that of an inhabitant of a great town, because he can be bullied with so much greater certainty and promptitude if he dares to think or act for himself. As the Empire is thus firmly seated, it no longer needs to think of the glory of war. It has entered, for about the twentieth time, on an epoch of peace. But then, if it is not to spend money on war, on what is it to spend money? France, M. DE PERSIGNY assured his agricultural friends, alone among the nations of Europe, has a steady surplus. There is, for example, at the present moment two millions sterling with which France literally does not know what to do. At Paris, and in the benighted large towns, the surplus has escaped notice. There, rectificative and definitive Budgets are found necessary to avert a deficit. But this surplus exists for honest agricultural electors, and to what is it to be devoted? M. DE PERSIGNY answers that it ought to be devoted to cross roads. This is the ultimate aim and ambition of the EMPEROR. The sword is to be laid aside, the cruel conscription is to cease as nearly as possible, and endless cross-roads, leading by short cuts from everywhere to everywhere, like the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, are to thread every department of France. This is the Elysium of rural electors, and this is the Elysium which the Empire is going to provide for them.

M. THIERS may reasonably say that peace has its dangers as well as war for the finances of France. It is only by having the right of freely discussing what is to be done and what is not to be done that the representatives of a nation can really cut down expenses. Even in England, where the right of free discussion is supposed to be established, it is the

hardest of all possible tasks to avoid an expense which is once proposed by the Government or by any powerful party in the House of Commons. Nor is it to be denied that the plan of incurring liabilities on the part of the State, in order that the general wealth of the country may be increased, is sometimes necessary and legitimate. It may be very advantageous to make local improvements, and the inhabitants of the locality may be quite able and willing to pay the interest of the money expended, but no one except the State will find the requisite funds. It is by the State coming to the aid of the districts in this way that railways were first made in France, and that great roads and harbours are now being constructed in Italy. But it is all a question of degree. The State may accept too heavy a burden, and may be forced to impose an increase of general taxation which is not balanced by the advantages of the different localities benefited. If this were not so, the Communists would be right, and it would answer for the State to do everything for everybody. The question is, when have the proper limits been reached? France is now on the eve of incurring a grave expense amounting to nearly two millions sterling annually as a contribution to the branch railways which the Imperial Government has ordered to be made. If M. DE PERSIGNY adds his cross-roads and gives every little village as good an access to a station as it wishes, the total may be very considerable. But, then, who can interfere? M. DE PERSIGNY thinks with justice that the rural population must be conciliated, and must be made to look on the EMPEROR as its guide, its guardian, and its friend. He goes down to an agricultural banquet and promises cross-roads innumerable. The mischief — if it is a mischief — is done; and if any one, at any time, hints that cross-roads may some day bear as heavily on the State as branch railways are beginning to do, he will be set down at once as an enemy, not only of the EMPEROR and of order and other grand things, but of the rural population which in effect constitutes France itself after the large towns have been excluded by virtue of their perverse law of nature. Unless high Government functionaries feel that they have to account for their promises of public grants, and that this account will be exacted by an assembly which possesses real power, there is no other check on the expenditure of the Government than that which the good sense of its chief and a dim fear of public opinion can supply.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE FRANCHISE.

THE debate and division on Mr. BAINES's Bill would have been comparatively unimportant if Mr. GLADSTONE had not taken the opportunity to enunciate opinions and arguments which may determine his future course, and perhaps affect the policy of the country. Mr. BAINES accumulated, with his usual care, the statistics of newspapers, of periodicals, and of other means and proofs of popular education. There is no doubt that the working classes have, within twenty or thirty years, become comparatively enlightened, but Mr. BAINES himself can scarcely think that, in establishing his preliminary proposition, he has solved the difficult question of the suffrage. The controversy is distasteful to the House of Commons, because the arguments against change are invidious, although they may be sound; and many members have a lively recollection of their hustings professions, and a vivid anticipation of the coming election. Mr. MARSH ought to have strong reasons for confidence in the security of his seat when he ventures publicly to declare that he has constituents enough. It might be unjust, as it is certainly imprudent, to assert that any class of the community is disqualified for the exercise of political functions. The great objection to the sway of the numerical majority is founded on its numbers. Irresistible force, combined with infinitesimally subdivided responsibility, is a dangerous instrument. If the best portions of the working-classes could be enfranchised in such a manner that they would control only a limited number of elections, it might be well to incur a fractional risk for the satisfaction of their natural aspirations. The transfer of all political power to a new constituency requires stronger arguments than the enumeration of the millions of newspapers that are sold. The metropolitan boroughs in which the elective franchise is at the lowest are notoriously disinclined to tolerate in their members either personal eminence or political independence; and the probability that the extension of the same causes might produce similar results is not disposed of either by statistics or by vague generalities. The practical disfranchisement of all the educated inhabitants of Marylebone reproduces on a small scale the American experience of political life reduced to a lower standard, and of the

compulsory secession of the better classes from public life. When anomalies are denounced as objectionable, it is worth while to remember that the sovereignty of the least competent part of the community is itself a practical paradox.

It would be absurd to defend the electoral arrangements of the Reform Bill as ideally perfect. There is no magic in a ten-pound rental; but the limit was imposed at a time when circumstances rendered a tolerably permanent settlement practicable. In spite of theoretical inequalities, the social character on which the political fitness of representatives largely depends has been maintained in the House of Commons. No Government or governing Assembly has ever reflected so accurately the wishes and convictions of the intelligent portion of the community. Above all, Parliament has retained its supreme authority without encroachment or dispute, and up to this time, although almost every constitutional country has a wider franchise, no second sovereign Legislature has appeared in the world. The nearest approach to an English Parliament was the French Chamber, which was returned by an absurdly small constituency; and perhaps the most remote is the Legislative Body, which now exercises its restricted functions in the name of universal suffrage. In America, the House of Representatives, and the corresponding bodies in the several States, command neither obedience nor respect. In that land of newspapers, the proceedings of Congress are scarcely reported, although a speech or a lecture on a platform often receives as elaborate a record as if it had been delivered in England by Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT. As the use of electors is to elect, the character of the representative body is more important than the process by which it is chosen. If Mr. BAINES could prove that the House of Commons would be improved, or even that it would not be deteriorated, by a transfer of electoral power, it might be desirable to satisfy those who are at present discontented with their exclusion. It is in the fear of an opposite result that thoughtful politicians hesitate to try an irrevocable experiment. Unless their objections are, to some reasonable extent, considered by the advocates of Parliamentary Reform, exhibitions of the virtues of the working classes tend but remotely to the settlement of the dispute. The extension of the suffrage downwards evidently tends to repeat itself, and all modern experience proves the inexpediency of the system to which Mr. GLADSTONE evidently inclines. Every respectable citizen in New York, including the leaders of the Republican party, is at present loud in his denunciation of the profligate maladministration of civic affairs by the nominees of the rabble, and if a secret vote could be taken among all classes above the lowest, universal suffrage would be abolished by unanimous consent; but, as stones coalesce most readily into a smooth macadamised road when they are broken smallest, the multitude possesses a facility of combination under demagogues wholly inconsistent with the individuality which is developed under the influences of social elevation.

It would be absurd to deny that, on the other side of the question, there are plausible arguments; and Mr. GLADSTONE was not likely to overlook them when they lay in his way. Having resolved to support a 6*l.* franchise, an eloquent reasoner easily proves the inexpediency of excluding from the suffrage an intelligent and meritorious section of the community. The artisans of the great towns read Mr. GLADSTONE's newspapers; they invest their money in his Post Office Savings' Banks; and some of them approve of his Bill for granting Government Annuities. With amiable candour, he has lately inquired from deputations of workmen why they have for some years ceased to agitate for the extension of the franchise; and the delegates have been ready with the judicious answer that they only postponed their demands to a more convenient season. According to his custom, Mr. GLADSTONE proved too much for his immediate purpose, for the greater part of his argument would have been applicable to a project of universal suffrage. In his rhetorical zeal, he threw on the adversaries of change the burden of vindicating the exclusion of any candidate for the franchise, and as no class is without merits or qualities which admit of a favourable description, the acceptance of the challenge might involve embarrassing consequences. For the time, Mr. GLADSTONE probably forgot that the existing constituencies also have virtues of their own, and that their political power would be annihilated by a large addition to their numbers. A few years ago, he displayed equal fluency in defending small boroughs because they provided minorities with a representation, and because they broke the dead level of political uniformity. Variety and singleness are equally susceptible of ornamental treatment in the hands of a skilful artist. If Mr. GLADSTONE were suddenly possessed with zeal for a despotic

Government, he would expatiate with copious facility on the advantages which are inherent in the form of absolute monarchy.

For once the speech will have attracted less attention than the speaker, whether he is regarded as a member of the present Government or as the possible leader of a great political party. Whatever may have been the recommendations of Mr. BAINES' Bill, it was obviously unnecessary for a Minister to support it in an elaborate oration. Lord PALMERSTON might possibly have voted for the measure, but he would first have shown, as in his speech on Mr. LOCKE KING's motion, that the scheme was faulty, unseasonable, and practically absurd. The abstinence of the Government from any attempt to introduce a Reform Bill explains its policy more clearly and authoritatively than any speech which can be delivered from the Treasury Bench. No Parliamentary doctrine is sounder than the principle that great measures ought not to be entrusted to private members. Before a Minister undertakes an organic change in the Constitution, he is bound to ascertain that he is in earnest, and to prove his sincerity by staking his tenure of office on the issue. As Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord PALMERSTON, and as an uncompromising Reformer, Mr. GLADSTONE is in an inextricable dilemma. There had been no reason to suspect that he was discontented with the inaction to which he has been a party, until he declared himself a supporter of Mr. BAINES. It is unfortunate that his new convictions should coincide with an approaching dissolution, and with a possible Ministerial crisis. If the Danish muddle becomes intolerable, the popular feeling will revenge itself on Lord RUSSELL, and Lord PALMERSTON will share the fate of his colleague. Neither statesman is likely to recover his political position, and consequently the Liberal party will stand in need of a chief. Mr. GLADSTONE, perhaps conscious that he is imperfectly trusted even by his warmest Parliamentary admirers, may desire to secure an independent hold on those numerous portions of the community which feel or profess a wish for Parliamentary Reform. Having virtually pledged himself to the unlimited extension of the suffrage, he will find it easy to adopt the ballot. It is not impossible that his supposed personal calculations may be justified by the event; but English statesmen have generally found it dangerous to separate themselves from their colleagues and allies. Lord RUSSELL has expiated in permanent exclusion from the highest office of the State a similar error; nor will experienced politicians feel their limited confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE confirmed by his appeal to the opinions or prejudices of the outside masses. A more cautious speaker would have alleged some hope of practical advantage in support of his proposals of constitutional changes; but Mr. GLADSTONE has never displayed, among his multifarious accomplishments, the intuitive sagacity which is the highest form of common sense. It is by no means improbable that the dissatisfaction which must be felt within the Cabinet may accelerate its fall.

ENGLISH POLICY ON THE DANISH QUESTION.

THE House of Commons, fairly representing the opinion of the classes from which its members are taken, has, on more than one occasion, expressed unqualified sympathy with the Danish cause. The cheers which greeted the announcement of the naval combat at the mouth of the Elbe were spontaneous and sincere, nor have intimations been wanting of the deep annoyance which has been caused by the slights which English policy and diplomacy have recently incurred. The judgment of society almost unanimously confirms the indignant reprobation of German proceedings which is felt or uttered within the walls of Parliament, and the few dissentients who still obstinately regard both sides of the question are content to listen in prudent silence to the verdict of an irresistible majority. The Government which has so long defied opposition is exposed to imminent danger, as the Foreign Department, which had so long been its principal reliance, has suddenly become profoundly unpopular. It was strange that a debate on the remote question of a 6l. borough franchise should illustrate the unstable tenure of the Cabinet and the forebodings of its members; yet the principal speaker against the extension of the suffrage was generally applauded when he wished for one hour of CASTLEREAGH, in whose time "England was not the laughing-stock of Europe." Lord RUSSELL might perhaps reply that it cost five or six hundred millions sterling to make Lord CASTLEREAGH for a time dictator of the European Coalition, and that, whether the world laughs or wonders at the Foreign Office bluebooks, England is far more powerful in 1864 than in

1815. Mr. WHITESIDE's historical comparisons are, however, good enough for his purpose, if they point and stimulate the irritation which undoubtedly prevails in the House of Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE's advocacy of the claims of the working classes has also a possible relation to the Danish difficulty. The leader of a future Opposition, and the expectant chief of a subsequent Ministry, is not unwilling to issue a manifesto of his own domestic policy which may avail him when Holstein and Schleswig are completely forgotten. When the occupants of Downing Street figuratively advertise for lodgings, it may be presumed that a change of Government is regarded as not improbable. Mr. GLADSTONE is not known to have taken any prominent share in the Danish negotiations. If Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL succumb under the weight of diplomatic failure, their most eloquent colleague, though he must share their resignation, will enjoy with little drawback the credit which is due to his financial achievements, and perhaps he may earn additional popularity by the earnestness of his new-born zeal for Parliamentary Reform.

Whatever weight attaches in the councils of Europe to the opinion of the English Parliament has been placed in the Danish scale. Neither the Lords nor the Commons affect impartiality or suspension of judgment. The Government also has of late adopted a menacing attitude, and official speakers from time to time deprecate censure by significant mention of the Channel Fleet in the Downs. The expediency of spirited language depends wholly on the intentions which it indicates or conceals. If England purposes war on the failure of negotiation, it is politic, as well as natural, to allow the iron hand to be seen through the velvet glove. Austria and Prussia have received full warning of the dangers which they may hereafter incur by alienating the goodwill of their ancient ally, and it is not impossible that the threatened despatch of an English fleet to the Baltic may induce them to reconsider their policy or to modify their pretensions. In short, it is more advantageous to obtain concessions by warlike demonstrations than to proceed to actual hostilities; but it is absolutely necessary that, when peremptory demands are tendered, they should be backed by a fixed resolution to proceed on refusal to the last extremity. Mr. DISRAELI lately declared, in the name of his party, his adhesion to a peaceful policy; but it is uncertain whether the House of Commons supports his opinion, and the Ministers may possibly have been taunted and provoked into projects of interference. The war, if there should be a war, would be distinguished among national quarrels by its exclusively disinterested character. Through victory or defeat, England has nothing to gain in a contest with Germany, and, in addition to the expense and loss of the war, the traditional maxims of national policy would be generously offered as a wholesale sacrifice on the altar of duty or of chivalrous sympathy. There are no treaty obligations to discharge, and the principal result of the struggle would be to derange the balance of power. Already the supposed partiality of the English Government for Denmark has driven Austria and Prussia into the arms of Russia; and it is supposed that, at the approaching meeting of the Sovereigns at Garstein, the Holy Alliance will be practically revived. The great German Powers deserve punishment for their oppressive conduct; and, by a rapid process of logic, it is concluded that the duty of punishing them is incumbent upon England. In this case there would be neither a Savoy nor a Nice to supplement and vulgarize the pure idea for which war would be made. The Government and the Parliament would be acting as austere and passionless ministers of abstract and unremunerative justice. It would be unfortunate that English fleets and armies would be incidentally employed in maintaining the right of the Great Powers to alter the succession of minor States, and in coercing a dissatisfied population into acquiescence in foreign rule. There is, perhaps, no more severe test of virtue than the endurance of gratuitous suffering for the achievement of ends which are in themselves undesirable. If the English nation has attained to so heroic a pitch of resolution, it cannot too loudly announce its determination to the world.

Within and without the walls of the House of Commons there are politicians who deliberately accept, with all its consequences, the championship of a cause which they believe to be just; but it may be doubted whether every voice which is raised in applause of Denmark or in denunciation of Germany expresses a judgment equally consistent. If peace is, after all, to be maintained, even in spite of the possible failure of the

Conference, it is injudicious and undignified to utter offensive protests against inevitable events. Menace and courtesy may, under varying circumstances, be equally effective, but vituperation, in the absence of force, destroys all possibility of influence. Whatever Germany might think of an English fleet in the Baltic, there is nothing alarming, and much that is irritating, in the cheers which celebrate the discomfiture of a little Austrian and Prussian squadron. It is not desirable that the English plenipotentiaries should represent a professedly unfriendly Power, unless they are authorized to propose the active interference of their Government as an alternative to the adoption of their recommendations. In the earlier stages of the controversy, notwithstanding occasional petulance of language, Lord RUSSELL preserved with commendable success the tone of impartiality which alone befits an arbitrator. It is too probable that in the Conference the representatives of France and Russia may profit by the contrast between their own neutral calmness and the eager partisanship of England. In Germany, any English suggestion is at once discredited by its origin, on the not unreasonable assumption that it proceeds from a hostile feeling. Declamation about the left bank of the Rhine and the partition of Poland is correctly interpreted as a partially articulate expression of helpless anger. The use of argument in public or private matters is to convince or to persuade, and the Germans must possess superhuman forbearance if they are diverted from their purpose by incessant contumely. As their whole nation is unanimous in approving of the Danish war, there is no malcontent section of the community to whom foreign censors can appeal.

As the Conference has, after all, assembled, it is not absolutely impossible that some beneficial result may ensue from its deliberations. It appears that Austria and Prussia were willing to agree to an armistice, on the reasonable condition that it should extend to the sea as well as to the land. When the Emperor NAPOLEON wished to recommend an armistice to the American belligerents two years ago, his plan included a similar stipulation. As the trifling pressure of the blockade of two or three German ports is wholly insufficient to influence the fortunes of the war, the Danish Government had no adequate reason for insisting on an obnoxious arrangement. At last the Danes agreed on a suspension of arms for a month, instead of a formal armistice; and perhaps their comparative pliability may have been caused by their success in the naval combat near Heligoland. There is a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that a purposeless struggle is not actually proceeding in Jutland or Funen; but a month is a short interval, and the invading Powers may take the opportunity of augmenting and reorganizing their forces. The distinction between the Latin and English terms for the intermission of fighting is not readily intelligible, but it seems that a suspension of arms is something short of an armistice. Lord RUSSELL forgot to explain the backwardness of the Danes, though he gave their hesitation the sanction of his approval. Three months ago, he justified their refusal to evacuate Schleswig because the Austrian and Prussian Governments had no right to demand the concession. An opposite decision would have averted the disasters of the Danish army, which might easily have been foreseen. The refusal of an armistice is equally spirited and equally suicidal. There is no use in acknowledging the extreme rights of the weaker belligerent unless it is intended to help him to assert them. The best service which can be rendered to Denmark is to discountenance unreasonable pretensions, and to recommend such sacrifices as may be necessary for securing a tolerable peace. If the Danish Ministers are determined to claim everything which they might have plausibly asked before the war began, it would have been better not to raise even the faint hopes which were excited by the assembling of the Plenipotentiaries. Austria and Prussia will be glad of an excuse for repudiating their remaining professions of moderation.

PRINCIPLES OF TAXATION.

A DEBATE in the House of Commons on the principles of taxation, or on abstract principles of any kind, is so startling an innovation upon all the habits of that assembly that it is impossible to pass over the phenomenon without notice, if only for its strangeness. It is true that the resolution proposed by Mr. WHITE for appointing a Select Committee to consider every detail of our fiscal policy, had a very impracticable air; and it is not less true that the particular direction in which the member for Brighton would have desired to lead his Com-

mittee was the reverse of that to which the conclusions of our best financiers and the feelings of the House of Commons would have pointed. Perhaps it was to their perception of the tendency of Mr. WHITE's crotchets, quite as much as to the essentially English distaste for the discussion of abstract principles, that the apathy of the members present may be ascribed, but Mr. GLADSTONE did no more than justice to the subject which he shelved when he characterized it as one of the greatest importance.

Past experience has sufficiently shown that people may prosper under a system of taxation that defies all principle, and that falls with very unequal incidence upon different classes. If Mr. WHITE's Committee had met, and arrived at the wisest possible conclusion to its formidable labours, future experience would probably have taught us also that people may grumble under the most perfectly adjusted imposts that the wit of man can devise. Theoretical exactitude in the apportionment of the burdens of taxation would perhaps do but little to make the country, as a whole, either richer or more contented than it is at present; and we are by no means sure that there is a single grain of truth in the hackneyed prediction that, if taxes were fair, tax-payers would be less inclined to evade their share of the burden. There is no sufficient evidence as yet before the world that the many thousands who return less than their true incomes under Schedule D. are moved only by a conscientious desire to correct the inequalities of an Act of Parliament, and are impelled to a profitable fraud by an overwhelming sense of duty. Mr. GLADSTONE's theory of an immutable disposition in a large portion of mankind to reduce to a minimum their contributions to the State is, perhaps, a sounder view of the dominant principle. Enthusiasts probably over-estimate the influence which a change in our principles of taxation would have on the wealth, the content, and the morality of the country; and yet, after all these qualifications, it is impossible to deny that the question of the incidence of taxation is one which has been little understood and too much neglected. It does not follow that a system of taxation which should make the nearest approach to absolute justice as between classes and individuals would largely increase the aggregate wealth of the nation; but the general happiness depends much more on the distribution than on the amount of wealth, and it would not be unworthy of Parliament to concern itself with the question how best it might relieve those among us who may be loaded with more than their fair share of the common burden.

It can scarcely be said that our existing fiscal code has been put together with any notion of obtaining such a balance of taxation as would mulct every man in his due proportion; and the broad result has, in fact, been arrived at by yielding sometimes to one principle and sometimes to another, and more often still to the doctrine of expediency which teaches a Chancellor of the Exchequer to lay his hands upon any commodity which can be easily reached. The only sound general principle which can be traced in our fiscal legislation is the rule that taxation ought not to be imposed for the purpose of interfering with trade in the interest of a protected class; and it is remarkable that this now universally accepted maxim was established as a dogma, not by the inquiries of Parliament, but by an organized agitation in favour of a legislative change which up to the eve of its final triumph was decried in the House of Commons as a mere theory unworthy the attention of practical legislators. That there are other principles of taxation not less deserving of recognition than the doctrine of Free Trade few economists would be bold enough to deny, but none of them have been backed by the same energetic pressure which ultimately forced the House of Commons to repudiate the theory of Protection. Such agitation as has been attempted on financial subjects since the repeal of the Corn laws has been based upon the crude fallacies which appear to have tempted the member for Brighton to undertake the hopeless task of urging the House of Commons to enter upon an abstract inquiry into the principles of taxation, and it is not surprising that the understood purpose of the mover should have intensified the traditional aversion to any investigation of the kind. Nor is it possible that any good could have resulted from the labours of a Select Committee. The enthusiasm which alone could have made the toil of an adequate inquiry endurable is scarcely consistent with the philosophical impartiality without which the inquiry would be worthless. All experience teaches that principles of legislation, whether on financial or other topics, must be developed by the writings of thoughtful men, and the discussion of interested advocates beyond the walls of Parliament, rather than by the

direct action of such a body as a Select Committee. Boards and committees are sometimes capable enough of balancing expedencies or collecting evidence of facts, but they never succeed in discovering principles. There have already been two Committees on one much-vexed question of financial policy—the adjustment of the Income-tax; and even with this comparatively narrow question before them, neither Mr. HUME's Committee nor Mr. HUBBARD's can be said to have come to any conclusion at all, or to have added one iota to our knowledge of the principles of taxation. A very crude scheme which Mr. HUME had borrowed from a clique of actuaries was in effect quashed by the failure of the first investigation, and a still cruder proposal of Mr. HUBBARD's was directly negatived by the report of his own Committee; but neither in the one case nor the other was any useful contribution made to the science of equitable taxation.

The fate of the vastly larger inquiry which Mr. WHITE proposed may be easily imagined, but the inability of the House of Commons to investigate the principles of taxation ought not to be mistaken for a proof that no such principles exist. In point of fact, upon this as upon other subjects as to which opinion is particularly immature, every argument in Parliament or elsewhere is sure to be based on dogmas which, in the absence of anything better, are assumed to represent immutable principles, and, what is more mischievous, our actual legislation is founded upon notions which will no more bear investigation than the once respected fallacy of protection for native industry. Even the sound theory of Free Trade itself is in some danger of being distorted into the fallacy that all Customs Duties are an abomination. Because Sir ROBERT PEEL was at last convinced that duties ought not to be imposed for the sake of making the whole nation tributary to a favoured class, it has almost come to be assumed by one class of politicians that every reduction or abolition of a duty must needs be a tribute to the policy of Free Trade. A pervading error of a more negative, but not less influential kind, may be seen in the general oblivion of the fact that the incidence of a tax once settled on a permanent basis is wholly different from that of the same tax when liable to perpetual fluctuations. But if we trace the working of other financial fallacies which have a less respectable origin, we shall find that by far the greater part of our fiscal policy is based upon assumed theories which are asserted by none so loudly as by those who would most deprecate the idea that there can be such a thing as a science of taxation. Upon what grounds is the enormous taxation of spirits ordinarily justified? Simply on the assumed principles that it is right to impose penal taxation on indulgences which are not favourable to the morality and well-being of the community, and that there can be no injustice in levying from any man a tax which he can, if he pleases, escape by foregoing a favourite enjoyment. In the case of tobacco, the only defence of the extra tax upon smokers is that which rests upon the second of these two supposed principles, and yet it is by no means clear that either the one or the other principle is sound; and it is at any rate certain that they are not applied with impartial equality to all subjects and all classes. Another dogma received with universal respect among the so-called practical financiers is the rule that taxation should be levied on income, and not on capital, and yet the doctrine itself, when probed to the bottom, amounts to very little more than the ancient maxim of policy and convenience that taxes should never be levied in very heavy sums at any one time. Another singular class of impost, which really rest upon a not unnatural sentiment, are almost always defended upon grounds which certainly need a good deal of justification before they can be accepted as the concentration of wisdom. A man who receives the testamentary bounty of a stranger is made to pay a much heavier tax than one who takes a legacy from a relation. No reason can be assigned for this, except that the acquisition of an unexpected piece of luck is supposed to render the fortunate subject an appropriate and tolerably patient victim for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. But here, again, the principle is, to say the least, questionable, and its universal application would entirely remodel the whole framework of our financial policy. Such illustrations might be multiplied without number, and the irresistible conclusion is, that it is very far from true that, in matters of taxation, Parliament practically rejects theory as consistently as its abhorrence of an inquiry into first principles would lead one to suppose. It would be much more nearly correct to say that the whole course of legislation on this important class of questions is the result of a mass of unproved, undigested, and often conflicting theories, which exercise an overpowering

influence not always distinctly appreciated, but not different in kind from the once irresistible force of the doctrine of protection. Those who would see sound principle take the place of this strange compound of questionable theories are perhaps best entitled to call themselves the practical men, and it is not right to forget this truth, even though for once it has been advocated by a dreamer who is possessed by the crudest fallacy of all.

THE BEY OF TUNIS.

TUNIS has lately forced itself into the notice of the civilized world by having an insurrection. Previously, it must be owned, the civilized world had almost forgotten that there was such a place as Tunis. The red caps worn throughout the East were regularly supplied from its primitive manufactories, and the Jews, who insist on settling and lending money in the most out of the way places, were fleeced and persecuted there, to the great vexation of Sir MOSES MONTFIORE. But, otherwise, Tunis was forgotten. France, indeed, has for some time taken Tunis under its protection; that is, it has done nothing to benefit the BEY or his subjects, but it has resolutely insisted that no one shall do what France declines. Even so long as twenty years ago, M. GUIZOT conceived the great idea that the balance of power in Europe required that Tunis should be kept in a state of perpetual barbarism. The PORTE at that time had a vague notion that, as Tunis was nominally a fief of the PORTE, and as the rule of the BEY was a scandal and a nuisance, the best thing would be to assert the dominant rights of the SULTAN, and to introduce into Tunis that sort of order and good government which prevails at Constantinople. But the French would not hear of this. If Tunis were made part of Turkey, it would be exposed to all the intrigues, plots, and counter-plots with which the European Powers oblige the PORTE to purchase its proud privilege of existing on sufferance. Accordingly, France forbade the SULTAN to think of making his nominal supremacy over Tunis a real one. If the SULTAN tried to reduce the BEY to submission by a naval demonstration, the French fleet was ready to prevent the success of the manœuvre. If the SULTAN preferred a land expedition, M. GUIZOT ascertained that a long stretch of desert and a chaos of savage wandering Arabs would render the attempt hopeless. Thus the united influences of French interposition, an adverse soil, and a widely-spread population of barbarians were strong enough to secure the BEY a perfect immunity from foreign aggression. But the BEY has still to settle with his own subjects, and recently he has failed to please those on whom his Government depends. There has been an insurrection, and the BEY has had to come to terms with the insurgents. They did not approve of the improvements in taxation which he considered necessary, and they entertained a rooted dislike of the tribunals provided for them by the sovereign authority. On both points the BEY has had to yield, and the concessions he has made throw a strong light on the position which every Mahomedan Power might find itself obliged to occupy if its subjects rose in earnest rebellion against it. The PORTE has been preserved partly by the jealousy and rivalry of the great European Powers, and partly by the astonishing apathy of the Bulgarians. But the example of Tunis may be taken as an instance of what a Mahomedan Power would do if left to itself in face of a successful insurrection. The BEY is what the SULTAN would be if Sir HENRY BULWER and his colleagues were to abandon Constantinople, and thus the history of the petty Tunisian insurrection has an interest which would be wanting to it if it did not exhibit in miniature what might easily happen on a large scale at Constantinople if opposing influences were withdrawn.

The BEY is evidently the most good-natured, the easiest, the most flexible of potentates. He had imposed a new tax, but he has no notion of insisting on it if the tax-payers object. He explains that it was for the good of the State that he had ordered an increase of the capitation tax. This increase would have produced no disadvantage to his subjects. But his subjects would not see it as he saw it, and he is the most accommodating of rulers. The Tunisians did not like paying more money, and either did not perceive or did not believe in the advantages which these extra payments would bring with them. "As our decree has produced disorders in the country, and as we do not desire the injury of our subjects, who are the props of our Government, we have hastened," the BEY good-naturedly observes, "to put an end to the disturbances." No way of putting an end to disturbances about taxation could be simpler than that adopted. All there-

fore was serene, or as the BEY puts it, "we have abolished the increase of tax which we had imposed, and have reduced the tax to its original amount." The Governors of Provinces are therefore instructed to assemble the inhabitants of their districts, and the chiefs and head men of their towns, and then to lay before them the BEY's decree, and appease their anxieties. Apparently, the anxieties of the Tunisians are very easily appeased. But this is not all. The BEY's subjects had complained that they did not like the ordinary tribunals of justice, and do not find in them the source of law and justice which they desired. The BEY magnanimously announces that this is a matter of perfect indifference to him. Whose dog is he, that he should care whether his subjects sue before one tribunal or another? It has been brought to our notice, the BEY remarks, that our subjects desire to employ the existing courts of justice no longer. Very good; why should they resort to Courts of which they disapprove? Our subjects, it is announced, are now at liberty to have their disputes settled wherever they think fit. An aggrieved subject may henceforth go either to the Governor, or to the administrative tribunals, or to the religious tribunals, or to the BEY himself. What more can the most exacting of subjects require than this? The Tunisians are now at liberty to pay only the taxes of which they approve, and may be bound exclusively by the decisions of tribunals which decide as good Mahomedans would wish. If the Tunisians henceforth complain of their BEY, they are the most unreasonable of mortals, more especially as he offers to see any of them at any time, and reminds them that his hall of justice is always opened to the oppressed. After this, who can doubt that the BEY is the most mild and merciful of governors?

But, then, how are the benevolent intentions of the BEY to be made known, and what is to happen if wilful men refuse to listen to the voice of so mild and benevolent a ruler? The Governors are to tell everybody of the proclamation, and to do all they can to prevent persons from sowing discord, which the BEY says "may disturb the peace of the population"—a mild description of the dangers of the future, when, at this moment, no man's life or property is safe in the chief town of the BEY's Government. Still, the BEY is aware that the kind of persons who sow discord may possibly not much mind the Governor when he tells them his message. So he proceeds to point out what will be the consequences to such a person. In the first place, he will offend against the precepts of his religion; in the next place, he will plunge his country, his family, and his native town into destruction; and lastly—which is a sad bathos—he will only have himself to thank. "This decree," the BEY concludes by saying, "is to be executed by those whom we have commissioned to settle disputed affairs—namely, by the religious tribunal, the administrative tribunal and the Governor. May God afford His help." The BEY may well invoke the assistance of Heaven, for evidently there is not much earthly chance of the administrative, or religious, or any other tribunal executing any decree at all. Chaos is come to this poor little Mahomedan State, and quaint, pious, gentle decrees are scarcely the things to put matters straight again. A Bey who is not an awful, dismal, bloody tyrant is not a Bey worth having, and if the European Powers do not interfere, the power and the days of the amiable creature will soon be at an end. Italy and France have some sort of interest in Tunis, for Italy has islands close off the coast, and Algeria is near enough to give France an excuse for interference. But, at any rate, no one has interfered hitherto. Probably this is the last specimen we shall ever have of a Mahomedan power going into decay before our eyes without the nations of Europe having brought about the ruin or striven to avert it. This BEY, who has lost his power of shooting and hanging disobedient subjects, and now tells his people that if they do not like to pay taxes they need not, and that if they have any objection to the constituted tribunals they may have their disputes settled in any way they fancy, is so unlike the real original Mahomedan despot that we may be sure the state of things is nearly at an end in which independent Beys flourished in Tunis. It is true that, in other countries, rulers have acted in much the same way and have confessed their impotence as candidly. The Sovereigns who bowed before the storm of 1848 were equally liberal in their offers to let every one have exactly his own way; and it must be owned that the part of the proclamation in which the BEY points out that he had decided on a measure necessary for the good of the State, and that it seemed clear to him that it was his duty to carry it out, but that at the same time he will abandon it at once if any one dislikes it, is very much in the style of Sir GEORGE GREY. But then Christian Europe can recover itself from revolutions, Con-

tinental Sovereigns regain their power, and a Home Secretary who knows his own mind will some day come into office. But a Mahomedan Power in decay has no chance of restoration. There is nothing with life in it and a future before it that can be restored. The sick man of Tunis is very sick indeed, and the French and Italian doctors will, we may guess, very soon arrive to put him out of his misery.

AMERICA.

THE defeats which the Federal armies have sustained in Louisiana and North Carolina, although they may not be sufficiently important to affect the issue of the principal campaign, are not inconsiderable disasters. The loss of the entire garrison of Plymouth, with all its arms and stores, will be seriously felt at a time when the Northern Commander-in-Chief is using every exertion to mass his forces for the capture of Richmond. If the popular conjecture is well founded, General GRANT had determined to effect a diversion by moving the troops in North Carolina into Virginia during his own advance on the capital, and it is not improbable that the loss of Plymouth may account for the long delay in opening the campaign. The postponement of the decisive struggle will be advantageous to the Confederates, as it will enable them to complete their defences, and perhaps, in the Southern districts, to get in their summer crops. The rout of General BANKS's army at Shreveport appears to have been both complete and disgraceful. Since Bull's Run, it may be doubted whether, except perhaps at Chicamauga, any considerable body of Federal troops has given way to so ruinous a panic. The Confederate pursuit at Chicamauga was checked by the resolute obstinacy of General THOMAS, but no officer of the army of Louisiana appears to have been equal to the occasion. The soldiers were probably as brave as their comrades, but they must soon have discovered that they were sacrificed to the ignorance of an amateur general. General BANKS is the only civilian who has, from the beginning of the war, been entrusted with any important military command. There can be little doubt that, notwithstanding his respectable character and not contemptible ability, he will henceforth be withdrawn, like BUTLER and FREMONT, from positions in which his professional shortcomings may be dangerous. As it is now admitted that he lost 4,000 prisoners, with his guns and his waggons, his entire army must be for a long time incapable of active operations. The city of New Orleans will probably be retained by the Federals, because it is commanded from the river; but it may be presumed that no further attempt will at present be made upon Texas, and it is probable that the greater part of Louisiana will remain under the control of the Confederacy. Higher up the Mississippi, the Federal Generals will find some difficulty in maintaining the conquests of last year. Decisive operations may, however, be expected in Virginia and in Western Tennessee. The Government of Washington is judiciously reinforcing its main armies to the extreme limit of its resources, and the offer of 100,000 militia troops for garrison service by the Western States will render a large number of regular soldiers available in the field. It may be doubted whether the PRESIDENT was wholly satisfied with a patriotic offer which, nevertheless, he may have found it expedient to accept. The militia garrisons will combine the merit of serving their country in an important crisis with the personal convenience of exemption from a possible draft. While the weekly losses of the Federal armies are counted by thousands, the business of recruiting becomes every day more indispensable and more difficult. It is impossible to ascertain whether the bounties continue to attract volunteers, nor has the number of re-enlisted veterans ever been approximately stated. The entire North seems to be waiting for the result of General GRANT's campaign, and perhaps it is assumed that, while victory will remove almost all difficulties, failure will enforce a change in the whole character of the contest. If money constitutes the sinews of war, military success is rapidly becoming, in its turn, the main-spring of finance.

The Presidential contest is practically suspended until some probable conjecture can be formed as to the issue of the Virginian campaign. Mr. LINCOLN's hopes may be defeated by General GRANT's success, or by a failure which will arouse irritation in the country. If the election were about to take place immediately, the Republicans would command a majority, and their vote would probably be given to Mr. LINCOLN. General FREMONT's friends are disinclined to attend the Convention of the party at Baltimore, because they foresee that

their candidate will be left in a minority; and the Democrats are prudently waiting for events before they choose between GRANT and M'CLELLAN. If all other generals disappoint popular expectation, and if it becomes necessary to fall back on the only commander who was dismissed after winning an important battle, Mr. LINCOLN's avowed hostility to M'CLELLAN would seriously embarrass the Republican party. It might be suggested, with some plausibility, that the most trusted leader of the army would also be the most eligible head of the Government, and it is certain that the jealousy which has prevailed between the authorities at Washington and the generals in the field has been highly detrimental to the public interests. As Americans themselves are wholly unable to foresee the result of the election, it is not surprising that foreigners should be hopelessly puzzled. It fortunately happens that the choice of a President exclusively concerns the people of the United States.

Congress has at last awakened to the necessity of providing revenue, and the Republican press deserves credit for its consistent protest against the previous neglect of a primary duty. The estimated internal revenue is to be raised to 80,000,000*l.*, in addition to 20,000,000*l.* which Mr. CHASE expects to derive from the Customs. The expenditure is calculated at 160,000,000*l.*; so that the revenue would exceed the required amount of loans in the proportion of five to three. If the taxes are voted, and afterwards fully paid, the United States will at last have a right to boast that they exceed all other nations in their public burdens, as well as in their prodigal outlay of money and men. The experience, however, of the past year suggests a suspicion that the tax Bills are intended rather to give confidence to the public creditor than to provide for the actual wants of the Government. The internal revenue has, thus far, fallen far short of the estimates, and it seems scarcely probable that a heavier percentage will be more readily paid. It matters little by what nominal factor zero is multiplied, and the income-tax at least has proved almost wholly imaginary. Mr. GLADSTONE, in a recent debate, quoted some returns for property-tax which displayed an unexpected depth of poverty among the reputed capitalists of New York; but the absence of income must be far more surprising, as the Federal Treasury has only received 100,000*l.* to represent a percentage of three per cent. If the whole income were confiscated, it would apparently only produce the insignificant sum of three or four millions. The advocates of vigorous taxation assure the SECRETARY of the TREASURY and the House of Representatives that they have undervalued the patriotic liberality of the people; but if there had been a general demand for sounder principles of finance, the provision of a considerable revenue would not have been deferred to the fourth year of a costly war. The Americans have, undoubtedly, large capabilities of taxation; but it is still uncertain whether they are prepared to contribute sufficiently to the public necessities. Mr. CHASE will probably find that the improvement of his credit by the adoption of his proposals for taxation will scarcely balance the uneasiness which must have been caused by the wilful frauds of the Legislatures of New York and Ohio. The repudiation of a portion of the interest which the State creditor is entitled to receive has been effected by large sections of the community which now requires enormous loans for the conduct of the war. It is not certain that the financial morality of the Union will transcend the standard which has been adopted by some of the most prosperous States.

The singular and violent measure of adding one half to the Customs duties for two months is intended to sustain the paper currency rather than to increase the revenue. As the duties are paid exclusively in gold, the effect of the surcharge will be to increase the metallic reserve of the Government, unless importers are deterred from taking out their goods for consumption. The demand for foreign commodities is at present so great that Mr. CHASE will probably succeed in his immediate object, at the cost of a serious and arbitrary derangement of commerce. The burden which will be imposed on consumers throughout the Union will greatly exceed any possible advantage to the Treasury, for the merchants on either side of the water will be obliged in every contract to make an allowance for possible caprices of fiscal regulation. Even when Mr. CHASE is in no immediate want of gold, every imported article will be dearer because it is liable to sudden charges or deductions. It would be unfair to judge too severely a financier whose first duty is to provide money by any practicable method, however irregular. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY probably wishes to distribute the public burdens equitably, but it is above all things necessary

that he should not starve the war. The Acts which Congress has passed at his recommendation to prohibit bargains in gold will probably be inoperative rather than oppressive, and the objection to the policy of restriction is rather that it is useless than that it is essentially unjust. Mr. CHASE's political adversaries now charge him with corruption, and foreign critics easily show that many of his operations have been wasteful; but he may fairly boast that the armies have been regularly paid, and that the Government has never been at a loss for provisions or stores. The high rate of interest will, on the return of peace, facilitate a reduction of the charge of the debt, and the renewal of cash payments may be deferred for an indefinite period.

A MORIBUND PARLIAMENT.

THERE are morbid conditions of the body politic, as of the natural body, from which more is to be learned than from periods of perfect vitality and health. To the student of the natural history of representative bodies there are few stages of Parliamentary existence more instructive than that which immediately precedes dissolution. In fact, a cynical observer might say that that was the only period during the whole life of a Parliament in which it truly deserved the name of a representative assembly. During the earlier years of the fatal seven within which the span of legislative existence is confined, all kinds of motives have free play. First and foremost, of course, comes the public good, by which every senator is, in courtesy, supposed to be mainly actuated. Then come a variety of motives of a more strictly private character. Places, patronage, honours, such as those that were employed to tempt the incorruptible WILLIAMS—cards for coveted evening parties, personal predilections, personal antipathies—such are the varied considerations which, at this stage of his Parliamentary life, float before the young and ardent imagination of the newly-elected independent member. To all and each of them their proper weight, according to the circumstances of the moment, is duly given. The only consideration which is dismissed as irrelevant is the view that may be entertained by the constituency that has just returned him. Such as the private member is, such is, in his degree, the leader whom he follows. Clap-traps, for the time, have lost their value. Ministerial or Opposition artifices are directed, not to opinion out of doors, but to the narrower tactics of the House of Commons. During the Parliament which is now drawing to its close, the constituencies have enjoyed more than their usual amount of consideration in consequence of the age of the PRIME MINISTER, and the knowledge that, if his official career were in any way terminated, the Parliament would probably be terminated at the same time. But still the increasing value of a constituency's opinions upon the Parliamentary Exchange has been strikingly manifested of late. It has told upon both sides of the House. It has had the effect of tracing out with greater exactness the natural limits of parties, and obliterating the confusion occasionally introduced by personal feelings or purely temporary combinations. Some years ago, for instance, there were a number of moderate Liberals who voted against the Liberal Government, in antagonism to the precipitate and breathless character of Mr. GLADSTONE's financial changes. For a time they stood in an attitude of opposition to the Government, and could never be counted on for a 'division. But now, with a general election straight ahead, they have fallen back into the ranks. A similar phenomenon is traceable on the Conservative side. The body of Conservatives which declined to disturb the existing Government, and which almost avowedly preferred Lord PALMERSTON to Lord DERBY, was, two or three years ago, large enough to deserve the name of a party. But the position of Captain MACHEATH is one that constituencies do not understand. They insist that their representative shall be happy with one dear charmer or the other, and consequently the number upon whom Mr. BRAND can count to go out on a critical division has dwindled to two or three. No one can ever tell that a general election may not occur before the last infidelity of that kind is forgotten; and, therefore, every such indulgence of a *cœur volage* is committed with the full knowledge that it may lead to a Parliamentary divorce.

There is one important exception to the effect of the approaching election in consolidating parties. The debate on Wednesday last shows that the Radical members are beginning to be nervous as to the consequences of a meeting with their constituencies. There is no party that has played so

recklessly with its pledges as they. They were elected to obtain Reform, but, instead of honestly striving for the object to which they had pledged their efforts, they have used it simply as a scarecrow to frighten a Whig Ministry into complaisance. There were several objects on which they had set their hearts. They were anxious for changes in the tariff; they desired an abolition of the excise on paper, in order to enable them to float their penny newspapers without overwhelming loss; and they were desirous, above all things, to effect an entrance for their party into the sacred precincts of office, and to see a real representative of the extreme Left holding office under the Crown. The tacit agreement has been, that if these demands were granted, Reform was not to be seriously pressed; but if the Whigs were obdurate—if they clung to their traditional finance—if they objected to the adoption into their party of a representative of the "Revolution," then—Reform. They perfectly understood the bargain; and if it had not been for an untoward accident in connexion with moral daggers, it would have been scrupulously fulfilled. But it is doubtful whether the constituencies have understood it equally well. They have felt only a limited interest in Mr. STANSFELD's political advancement, or in the success of penny paper speculations. The few among them that care about Reform care about it intensely, as an instrument for adding to the dignity of their class, and thrusting upon others the taxes they have to pay. And the account, therefore, that they will exact of the representatives who have been using their enthusiasm as political coin for the purpose of purchasing a substantial equivalent may turn out to be more business-like than pleasant. An inkling of this awkward possibility has found its way into the minds of those representatives; and they are doing their best, like other hardened sinners, to make up for a long course of self-indulgence by the fervour of a death-bed repentance. But the inevitable effect of their sudden and extorted sincerity is to lay bare the chasm which for many years has separated the two sections of the Liberal party, but which the more extreme moiety has, for its own purposes, hitherto thought it judicious to ignore. Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden revelation of Chartist opinions is, of course, a totally different matter. It merely indicates that the accounts which he has recently received of the temper of the University constituency are not as satisfactory as he could wish, and that, in his opinion, it is time to hedge. He is looking forward to the conquest of a new constituency; but the more extreme portion of those who applauded his manifesto, and who hailed him from that moment as their future leader, were merely struggling to regain the favour of electors whom they had offended and desired to appease. The division, looked on as the vote of a House of Commons which knows not whether the morrow may not bring forth the terrors of dissolution, is eminently satisfactory. It shows that those constituencies which are averse to a degradation of the suffrage outnumber those that desire it, even with the aid of all the influence that a Government can give, by a majority of 56 in a full House.

Perhaps the difficulties that beset a moribund Parliament have in no way been so fully exemplified as upon the foreign policy of the country. The question of peace or war has been a sore trial to Parliamentary leaders upon both sides. Ordinarily, the country is content, upon such questions, depending so much for their decision upon special knowledge, to accept the guidance of the leaders whom it has chosen. Usually the leaders are content to accept the burden of that decision. But the imminence of a general election has troubled their nerves. They would give anything to know whether the polling-booths will contain a majority of pacific or of warlike votes. They have no guide to help them to such a decision. They are not troubled much with principles upon such a subject. The idea of principles which should steel a man to disregard the opinions of his constituents or his supporters on a great national question, if they were adverse to his own convictions, is somewhat antiquated now. The press speaks with varying and uncertain sound. The people will make no effort to take the question out of the hands of those who have the opportunity of being familiar with its details. The leaders are left to gaze—without guide from principle, and without a hint from popular feeling—into the dark future. If the Parliament had been less close to its end, they would probably have announced some definite course, to which self-respect would have induced them to adhere. As it is, they have contented themselves with groping for a policy, throwing out perpetual feelers, and uttering almost piteous entreaties for some pressure from without. The spectacle is calculated to make every English-

man reflect seriously upon the appearance which our foreign policy would probably present if we were blest with annual Parliaments.

SOUTH KENSINGTON AGAIN.

IT is said to be a characteristic of the ladies that they never give up a point. They succeed by dint of perseverance; their terebrating powers are, in the long run, irresistible. And the secret of female success is, that women have a capacity of resisting argument which is seldom possessed by men. They simply pass by an argument. They may see a demonstration quite clearly, only they demur, not to its conclusiveness, but to the necessity that it should conclude anything. They want a certain thing done. Prove that it is foolish, mischievous, wrong. They simply begin where they began before; and all your talk, persuasiveness, and proof is as though it were not. They have made up their minds, and after this, all countervailing talk is in vain. A feminine intention of some sort or other has pervaded the whole of the South Kensington scheme from the beginning. Mr. COLE and Sir WENTWORTH DILKE belong to the nobler sex, but their arts are those of the ladies; their science is to know how women rule. It has been proved over and over again, as far as human proof can go, that the Natural History collection of the British Museum might as well be at Hampton Court or Windsor as at Brompton. All the men of science have said so; Parliament has said so; public opinion has said so. What matter? The thing was settled by an irresistible and inevitable decree; and fate must be fulfilled. The thing that is to be will be; destiny is irreversible and final. The whole world may be one way of thinking, but it is all to no purpose; the will of JOVE and COLE in the meantime was accomplishing. It has recently been announced that the Natural History collections are to be removed from Great Russell Street. No, we are wrong. It would have been superfluous to announce the intention. To have done so would only have let out an undesirable flux of Parliamentary objection and scientific reclamation. Mr. W. COWPER, in his superb and arrogant contempt for what people like or dislike, was not at the trouble of announcing this very serious step, but he at once advertised for plans for the new museums. Yet not quite so either; again we must correct ourselves. In writing even history, we insensibly fall into a description of what ought to be, or what might be. In Mr. COWPER's case we have to correct our narrative at every step. What Mr. COWPER did was to advertise a competition for plans for certain buildings to be erected at South Kensington—"the use to which the buildings should be put being a "matter for future consideration"—"the proposed building "being of space enough to receive the Natural History collection of the British Museum, and also the contents of the "Patents Museum." This is the way in which the great scientific Museum of Natural History is to be smuggled in to a new home to be provided in this characteristic manner; and we must apologize for having inadvertently described the transaction in the language of common sense, and for having improperly attributed some candour and openness to the scheme itself. It would have been, of course, only honest and fair to have said—We intend to transfer the Natural History Museum to Brompton; we have got ground, purchased last year under authority of Parliament; we have advertised for plans, and we have told competitors the purpose of the building. This is what might have been said. What was said (we quote the Parliamentary report) was:—"The first "thing is to get designs for the building; the use to which "the building should be put would be a matter for future "consideration; there would be space enough to receive the "Natural History collection, &c. No decision had yet been "come to on the subject of the use of the building; and he "was unable to say at what particular period of time the "matter of the proposed Natural History Museum would be "brought before the House." In the meantime, the competing plans are prepared, the judges are appointed, the award is made, and the prize-plan is chosen.

Let us recur to the feminine parallel at which we have ventured to hint. Suppose that the point in domestic discussion is a new bonnet; though it is, no doubt, an extreme and paradoxical hypothesis that any wife with the spirit of a wife would ever consult a husband on the point at all. But suppose the case. You argue against the new bonnet. It is not wanted; you cannot pay for it; the old bonnet is beautiful; a hat is better; we are going into the country; bonnets are going out, &c. &c. This excellent talk might have been spared. The lady lays in her stock of silk,

lace, flowers, wire, and whatever goes to the construction of feminine head-gear, and burns all the old ones. You put a question, after the manner of a DILLWYN, a GREGORY, a NORTHCOOTE, or a WALPOLE. You are answered thus:—"The great thing is to get certain millinery materials; the use to which the materials should be put would be a matter for future consideration. To be sure, the materials, if put together, would serve for the combination of something which might be worn on the head of a lady under certain circumstances. Still, no decision has been come to as to the use of the said silk, lace, flowers, &c. &c.; and I am really unable to say when the matter of the new bonnet will be brought before my lord and master." This is certainly sharp, and probably successful; but what of its honesty?

The competition so announced came off; and it is needless to remark that the number of competitors, and, as is well known, their professional rank, was extremely small. Thirty-two sets of designs were sent in. Architects are shy of Government competitions; and, somehow or other, it was whispered about that a gentleman who has had some experience at South Kensington was competing. Whether this rumour had any effect on the paucity of candidates for a 400l. prize, it is impossible to say, but very possible to surmise. The competition for the Government offices burnt so many children that architects as a body dreaded Mr. COWPER's invitation. Mr. SCOTT's treatment at Lord PALMERSTON's hands was not encouraging. Besides which, the nature of the site and proposed buildings was unusually unfavourable to the exercise of original genius. The thing was almost settled before it was even announced. Originality in a set of buildings actually touching some already in existence was out of the question. Captain FOWKE had already prejudged the case, and was in every sense master of the situation. The site to be occupied was that of the Boilers, which Parliament so indignantly refused to purchase. But in face of the proposed new buildings, in flank of the new buildings, and in rear of the new buildings, are Captain FOWKE's Horticultural Society's arcades and Captain FOWKE's Picture Gallery. Captain FOWKE is—and it is no discredit to him—architect, engineer, and designer in general and in ordinary to South Kensington. And by South Kensington we mean the Brompton of the past, the present, the future; the Brompton of the Boilers; the Brompton of the smoky shrubbery, where trees do die and birds don't sing; the Brompton of the present and of fashion and the Graces, whose marble or scagliola halls are found so useful to great lords for great parties in the middle of the London season; the Brompton of the future and the composite Muses, or "the Acropolis of Art" that is to be; the Brompton not only of patents, birds, beasts, and fishes, but the Brompton in which patents, birds, beasts, and fishes would "harmonize with a building which might subsequently be erected for other purposes of science and art," as Mr. COWPER, letting the cat out of the bag, owned on Friday week. After all this, to say that Captain FOWKE won the first prize in the competition, and 400l. with it, is almost superfluous. Everybody said he would win it, and he won it. To be sure, it is also said that his designs do not fulfil the printed conditions of competition; and Professor KERR, to whom the second prize has been given, has protested against the decision, and appealed to the Institute of Architects. We are not going at present to criticize the designs generally, or to go into the question whether the prize designs tally exactly with the conditions and instructions. Nor do we propose to question at present the decision or the impartiality of the judges. If Captain FOWKE's designs do not in every point harmonize with Mr. COWPER's programme, there can be no question that they harmonize admirably with the buildings which are already on the Dilkosha, and are in perfect keeping with Mr. COWPER's real intentions, which are of far more importance than his instructions, that only reveal half his purpose. It is significant enough that, long before the decision was made, and, we believe, before the judges had met, the *Builder*, in an article on the competing designs, remarked on the design—which turned out to be, as every one knew it was, Captain FOWKE's—that "no other competitor has addressed himself more completely to the appropriation of the whole ground." That is, nobody has so completely appropriated the whole site as the man who, from first to last, has been consulted about, or who has perhaps himself suggested, the appropriation of the whole site. As a competition, the thing has been a perfect farce; and there we leave it.

And now what remains to say? Precisely what we have said before; what everybody has said before; what Parliament has said before; what was said in the House on Friday. Parliament has not consented to remove the Natural History

Museum to Brompton. Parliament has not voted the money for a Patent Office to be built anywhere—still less at Brompton. Parliament has never sanctioned the mysterious birth of time so pompously and authoritatively announced by Mr. COWPER as "a building which might subsequently be erected for other purposes of science and art, harmonizing" with patents and zoological specimens—that is, with the monster San Francisco ballot-box, and those huge leviathans so dear to Professor OWEN's fond longings. Parliament, perhaps, never will consent to these things; and most certainly all naturalists will for ever protest against them. But Mr. COWPER will say, as somebody more important than Mr. COWPER said, "Protest and go about your business"; and whether Parliament consents or not, South Kensington will become "the Acropolis of Art," and Captain FOWKE will be the PHIDIAS of the Acropolis. The thing will be done. It is just possible, indeed, that Parliament may repeat the lesson of last Session, and, in another fit of passionate indignation, once more scatter the whole South Kensington job and jobbers to the four winds. But it is not likely; and even if this is done, the experienced sappers and miners will go on grubbing, and mining, and plotting just as before. There is another aspect of the case, however. It is such an irresistible joke that Mr. COWPER and Mr. COLE, Sir WENTWORTH DILKE and Captain FOWKE, should have their way in spite of the scientific world, Parliament, and public opinion—a joke so transcendently large in the impudence and persistency of the jokers—that most likely we shall all give in. A jest like this is more taking than argument. SOCRATES did not really make a fight of it with his termagant. And South Kensington is only a vixen and a shrew, who spits and screams sometimes, and sulks sometimes, but, with a steady, obstinate, dead, sullen pull, clings to her point, and—gains it.

CRAMMING.

THE natives of India are beginning now to feel the benefits or effects of the educational movement which was some time ago started on their behalf with so much energy. They have got real Universities, with real students, going on, and that is always something. And it so happens that a strange accident has waded to the seat of the Universities of Bombay and Calcutta two Vice-Presidents who have in their day been men of great eminence at Oxford and Cambridge. The natives, if they had known the exact market value of Indian appointments, could scarcely have hoped that their Universities would be at the same time under the superintendence of scholars so distinguished, and so thoroughly versed in tuition and examination, as Sir Alexander Grant at Bombay and Mr. Maine at Calcutta. We are glad to find that both these gentlemen are willing to give their dusky pupils the benefit of advice and encouragement in the shape of formal addresses on state occasions; and it is very much in keeping with the traditions of English scholarship, and very good for the aspiring young natives, that the Vice-Presidents should tell their hearers a few truths, and entreat them not to believe that they are at all learned, or wise, or powerful. We all know the sort of speech which the purely decorative President—the General, or Bishop, or Governor—makes on occasions of this sort; how he assures his hearers that he has taken an unbounded interest in them since he was seven years old; how he dwells on their magnificent prospects, and paints them as sages and heroes in the eyes of an admiring universe. But when a Vice-President is not a merely decorative man, but a scholar after the English fashion of scholarship, he is not so easily satisfied, and if he has any respect for himself, he likes to test what is presented him by the standard which he believes to be the true one. Accordingly, the Vice-Presidents of the Indian Universities have not scrupled to hint that the learning of the educated natives is very creditable to them, very satisfactory as compared with no learning at all, and likely to lead to something good in time, but that, in point of fact, it is at present very shallow and superficial. The young Indians attempt a great deal. They are willing to learn a little of anything, and they learn what they do learn with a plausibility and neatness which is surprising. They carve little pieces of knowledge for themselves much in the same way that the Chinese carve queer intricate webs of lace-like ivory—very curious and marvellous, but not of much use. They like to be noticed by the world for their achievements, and as the official world is the only world to which an Anglicized native looks up with respect, they naturally turn to the Government, and hope that, if the Universities are made a branch of the Education Board, those who cram successfully at the seats of learning may become famous and rich under the protection of an approving Government. Sir Alexander Grant undertook to explain to them that, if this was their notion of a University, they need not be very proud of it; and that the Indian Universities, unless they contained men who looked on knowledge as worth pursuing with the whole labour of their lives, and unless means were found to provide such men with a maintenance independently of the Government, would always be at an incalculable distance behind the English Universities. Mr. Maine addressed himself more to the individual student, and explained to him that, if he thought he had done anything particularly fine when he had crammed

up a smattering of learning, he was very much mistaken. The Vice-Presidents are friends of the natives, and so tell them the truth; but they are something more than good-natured friends, and so they tell them the truth in a pleasant way.

In England we have complaints of much the same sort, and we are told in various quarters that cramming gains ground and real honest hard-working is going out of fashion. It is more particularly said that some of the new inventions for promoting or rewarding education have had this effect. Especially the Middle-Class Examinations have, it is stated, a great tendency to induce schoolmasters to attend to the clever boys and neglect all the others. The clever boys, stimulated by an examination, and helped by the master who devotes his whole time to them, learn up a great quantity of things in a short time, and manage to acquire a stock of information which lasts till the examination is over and no longer. The Indian Civil Service Examination, again, is said to promote cramming, and Mr. Hodgkinson, the headmaster of Louth School, has published an elaborate series of statistics by which he proves that this is the case, and shows why it is so. The details are worth attending to, both because the writer shows that he is perfectly competent to deal with his subject, and also because the Indian Civil Service Examination is a model examination in its way, being under the control of a very able and conscientious set of men who make the most untiring efforts to get their machinery perfect, and who thoroughly understand their business. Mr. Hodgkinson says, that the examination is so contrived that Latin and Greek are not sufficiently rewarded, that mathematics are scarcely rewarded at all, and that a long list of outlying subjects is allowed, in each of which a candidate, put up to the secret by knowing trainers, obtains just such an amount of knowledge as will enable him to have his marks counted, a minimum being always exacted. The consequence is, that a boy of sixteen or seventeen, whose friends hope he may get into the Civil Service, leaves off classics and mathematics at the very age when he would begin to reap the benefit of his previous studies in them, and takes to learning a little Arabic, a little Italian, a little German, a little chemistry, and so on. He is crammed in each just so as to hold a little more than what will secure the minimum of marks, and if he can but shoot it out right, he scores in each subject he has chosen. When all the scores are added up, he gets many more marks than he would have done if he had gone on with classics and mathematics, and those who have stuck to those favourite branches of English education find themselves beaten, and India loses them. Mr. Hodgkinson argues that this is bad for India, bad for the boys themselves who succeed, and bad for English education in general. It is bad for India, because, if our old English system of education is right, and boys who persevere in learning classics have that general power of mind and capacity for succeeding in life which at Eton is supposed to be the result of combining cricket, juicy mutton, and an inaccurate acquaintance with obsolete text-books, India obviously loses the best governors if she loses the classical proficients. It is bad for the boys themselves, for they have been lifted into an undeserved success by getting up cram that does them no good. And it is bad for English education in general, because the minds of boys are confused by it, and zealous scholars like Mr. Hodgkinson cannot get their pupils to stick to classics, and to believe in them and their virtues, when the prizes of life seem to be snatched from the good classical boy and given to the bad general smattering boy.

Perhaps there may be room for some change in the details of the Indian Civil Service Examination, but that is far too special a point to be entered on without full consideration of all the circumstances that bear on it. If cram can be discouraged wisely and profitably, let it be discouraged. Nor is it to be supposed that we have a word to say in behalf of cram in itself. But we are not sure but that, under particular conditions of men and things, cram, like war and revolutions, and morning calls, and other seeming evils, may have a temporary use of its own. Sometimes cram seems as if it were the natural escape from a state of utter torpor. Where a school has been well taught on the old system, and yet is not powerful or famous or rich enough to command pupils in spite of failures at examinations, real harm may be done very quickly by cram seeming to triumph, and a smattering of miscellaneous knowledge may prevail over honest application at the choruses of Sophocles and at making Latin verses on such subjects as *Dani in loco Dybbøl vocato machinis, quæ vulgo "rifled canon" appellantur, prostrati*. We have all done this sort of thing in our time, and as we are not going to say whether the water of the Muses is hot or cold, we advise all the other boys to bathe. But, in many schools, the boys who, if they work at miscellaneous subjects, have a chance of an Indian appointment in a year when the appointments are numerous, are not brought forward in classics at all. They have come there without knowing the grammars of the classical languages, and they have stayed on without learning the grammars; and all they have done is to be set, from half-year to half-year, to guess at the possible meaning of authors of increasing difficulty as a sort of recognition of their advancing age, and as a tribute to the regularity with which their parents have always paid the bills. When a boy who has been badly taught, and who has been idle at school because the whole system has been arranged to make him idle, wakes up to the conviction that he must choose a profession, and must work in it, he may be quite willing to do his best, provided only that he has some prospect of success. The classical languages are practically closed to him, because his teachers have professed to teach him for

seven years, but have never taught him the rudiments. He can theoretically construe the speeches in Thucydides, but practically he does not know how to go through the passive voice of a Greek verb. This he feels will never do, but if a new line is opened to him he will try. He is willing to go to France or Germany, to live in a foreign family, and pick up the languages. He is ready, if necessary, to stain his hands and see his teacher blow different things up in a laboratory. He sees that industry can take him through English history, and that it may possibly be interesting as well as profitable to read Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope. If the thing is fairly put before him, he might even be ready to grind up Piers Ploughman, and William and James and John, and other chroniclers who used to have surnames, and who now occupy, under their Christian names, such a distinguished place in English literature. What is called cram means, for him, merely the work he can do. When so large a number of Indian appointments as eighty is given away, as it was lately, for two or three years running, there are undoubtedly many candidates admitted who are very bad bargains for India, and a considerable proportion of those who get in at the tail of the list succeed by cramming. But then whom do they beat? They merely beat boys like themselves who will not work at anything. They do not beat really good classical scholars and mathematicians. They beat those who might have done as they have done, but who have refused. If there are two boys, not very clever and not very stupid, who have come away from a public school without knowing anything except what idle boys at a public school usually know—and if one of them continues to go on learning nothing according to the orthodox fashion at a private tutor's, and the other works hard at English history, and Arabic, and German, and Mr. Bain's Psychology, and chemistry—why should he not be the chosen one of the two, if India is to pay about 30,000*l.* for either of them? At any rate, the boy who has chosen the path of cram has shown industry and the power of applying himself to new subjects, nor is it certain that he will quite forget all that he has crammed. Some of it may remain in him, and he may retain enough of English history, perhaps, to enable him to think he understands the allusions in the leading articles of the *Times*, enough of psychology to consider he has a right to explain his dreams philosophically to his wife, and enough of chemistry to set people to sleep with an exposition of the relative advantages of different manures. And all these things, though small in themselves, tend to give a man confidence in himself, and to invest him with a certain gravity and dignity which is very respectable.

So, too, unless fame much belies them, the middle-class schools do not lose so much as might be expected if the head boys are slightly crammed; for, whereas before no one was taught, now some few are taught. And although the mass of the scholars may remain untaught, they still derive, possibly, some indirect and remote advantages from the change. They have at least the dim feeling that there is such a thing as teaching going on in the world, and that they too might benefit by it if it were in their line. It has sometimes been argued that slavery does no harm, for that practically the day-labourer is in the position of the slave. To which philosophers reply that this is not true, and that the day-labourer is not in the position of the slave, for the position of the slave is fixed, while the day-labourer is supported by the consciousness that in the nature of things he might rise above his condition, although it may be very unlikely he will do so. In the same way, the boys at a school where a few boys are taught are not quite in the same position as the boys in a school where nobody is taught, for even the stupidest boy sees that learning is theoretically open to him. Besides, in a school where a few boys are taught, a new standard of excellence is opened, and clever boys divide the admiration of the school with strong and impertinent boys, and this is good for everybody there. In India there may perhaps be something of the same sort to be said for the superficial knowledge of the natives. It is just better than nothing, and, being better than nothing, it deserves to be encouraged. But even to produce thus much of learning among the natives has cost great labour, and given much daily annoyance and anxiety to many excellent people. Things must go on slowly when an experiment like this has to be tried among Asiatics, and under the social circumstances which have been created by the history of our Indian Empire. It may be, and we should imagine it is, most wise that Mr. Maine and Sir Alexander Grant should tell their young friends that knowledge, while it remains superficial, and is looked on as a mere means of getting favour with the Government, is a very poor thing; but still this poor thing may be worth having, and may be the necessary step to something better and more substantial.

INTELLECTUAL PLAYFULNESS.

OF all the many pretty things spoken in play by Sydney Smith, that obese angel of English wits, none throws so amiable a light on the essential vein of his intellect—its playfulness—as that recorded in the story of the pretty girl and the sweet-peas. It is a story that will bear any amount of repeating. "Oh! Mr. Smith," the pretty girl said, who was paying a visit to his garden with a party of friends, and pointing to some sweet-peas; "those sweet-peas have not yet come to perfection." "Then," said Sydney Smith, stepping forward and taking the young beauty by the hand, "permit me to conduct perfection to the sweet-peas."

At first sight, this may seem to have been a bit of gallantry on his part which any man might be guilty of, if only he had sufficient nerve to overcome the Lilliputian network of reserves in which every ordinary Englishman from his birth is—first by nature, and then by art—fenced in, bandaged, and encompassed. But if we look into the sentiment closely, and observe how delicate and complicated is its texture, and, though in its essence spontaneous, how ideal and polished is its wit, the gallantry falls entirely into the background, iced over as it were by the playfulness and by the intellectual process which almost invariably acts as a refrigerator on the emotions. For even physical games, apart from the mere bodily excitement, are in different degrees more or less intellectual, inasmuch as they imply attention, a certain amount of thought and self-restraint, and the adaptation of means to ends. There are, of course, games which are mere games of romps, where the intellectual element is at the lowest point—as when children play at slapping hands, or pulling off and running away with one another's shoes and stockings—though even here there is a latent vein of humour and the elementary irony of hostility or playful theft. As we ascend the scale in the dignity of games, the intellectual element increases, until, in certain cases, as in chess and whist, the playful element disappears. They then cease to be games at all, and become virtually arts, in which aspect, be it said, they are to our mind less delightful—perhaps sometimes even a little odious—having neither the fun of real games nor their freedom, and of art neither the beauty nor utility, but only the artifice. And this apparent digression really belongs intimately to our subject. For, as in all games there is more or less of an intellectual element, and as this element tends to cool and sober the exuberance of the feelings, so on the other hand, as a rule, the more violent feelings are never playful, but the reverse. The deeper passions are all gloomy and smouldering. There is a peculiar latent but vigilant tension in the physiognomy of all the real passions, which rivets the attention as by a spell, and produces a nameless anxiety in those who behold it, while it frightens away the spirit of play. Playfulness may, indeed, be the prelude to the outburst of some passions—as the passion of love, for instance; but as surely as the passion itself walks in, so surely playfulness walks out. And so of other passions. Of course we here leave out of account that assumed playfulness which is put on to hide other feelings, whatever they may be. We speak only of genuine spontaneous playfulness—playfulness which at particular times surrounds particular people like an electric atmosphere, to be felt but not to be described, which gilds their thoughts, lends a perfume to the commonest sentiments, and for a time translates those who fall under its spell into a kind of fairyland, remote from the humdrum views, the jog-trot sequences, the little carking cares and little drivelling worries and apprehensions, the tiny rules and infinitesimal points of honour, which almost inevitably beset average life at average moments.

And here let us point out an essential distinction—namely, that between playfulness and cheerfulness. The essence of cheerfulness is that it is tolerably constant, or at all events preponderant. A man who is called a cheerful man is understood to be so usually. Otherwise he would hardly be said to be a cheerful man, but only in good spirits at times. But playfulness is of its nature intermittent. Why this should be so might be difficult to explain neatly, though it admits, we think, of explanation. We should say, without attempting definition, that a cheerful person is not always, perhaps not often, a playful person; and a playful person not always a cheerful person, sometimes much the reverse. Sydney Smith combined both. Playfulness is to cheerfulness much in the relation of genius to plodding, or of dancing to walking. One goes by fits and starts—the wind blows when it lists; the other is more equable. We see the two characteristics in animals under a great variety of forms. Playfulness generally implies a more delicate fibre, and therefore a greater liability to extremes—or rather a further reach of elasticity, and greater recoils. There is a sheepishness and listlessness, a seeming hopeless melancholy, about many thorough-bred horses when at rest, which forms a surprising contrast to the astonishing antics they can play on occasion; whereas a jolly, good-natured, upstanding, cheerful and attentive cob is very much the same at all times. We do not intend by any means to extol playfulness at the expense of cheerfulness. Violent extremes are seldom very pleasant. Uproarious mirth, followed by fits of gloomy despondency, are not what we should choose in a constant companion. Cheerfulness—the habit of constant serenity—is a feast in itself. On the other hand, there are forms of cheerfulness—as, for instance, a certain hard, stolid, shining serenity, a brazen equability—which upon certain finer and more impressionable temperaments act like the nightmare of a brazen sky, and make them pant for a cloud or a storm. So also there is a loud, coarse, metallic pretence of glee which is as far removed from any refined spirit of playfulness as the butting of an ox, or the kick of a mule, from the gambols of a kitten. And on this head we cannot omit to observe that in every society one is apt to find persons who, by sheer coarseness of fibre, contrive to set up a dictatorship over the weak, and by mere impudence, too facetiously accepted for wit, succeed in establishing a sort of prescriptive right to bully those who have either too much self-respect, or too little presence of mind, to retort upon men who, if faced, almost invariably prove ridiculous and contemptible cowards. This is especially the case in London society, where a reputation for wit, however flimsily built, becomes

a patent royal for unconditioned cruelty, not to say stupid brutality. There are veterans who will pique themselves, for instance, on chaffing a raw, timid, and inexperienced youth before a large and brilliant London dinner party till the poor fellow cries with vexation and shame. Truly a most wonderful achievement, and the very summit of wit. This is, indeed, a form of playfulness from which every man of common feeling will ask the gods to preserve him. And the result of it on society is deplorable. People all get into the habit of resenting this sort of playfulness so deeply, while falling down and worshipping before the cruel idols of the hour, that reserve becomes a fixed habit, and an attitude of hostile and vigilant defence against the least symptom of playfulness is, in all but the recognised bravo, a kind of second nature. Not only so, but these coarser wits naturally gather a coarser following round them, who act as an intimidating herd of Houdyns on finer natures.

Real playfulness is inseparable from gentleness and a genuine desire to give pleasure. The very essence of play must rest on the desire to please and be pleased, and upon the most absolute conviction of all absence of sinister design. Hence even flirtation, which, in the vulgar sense of the word, so often suggests, however remotely, the sinister design of being "captivating," is essentially distinct from playfulness. Playfulness, in the case of Sydney Smith towards his fair visitor, only assumed the garb of flirtation. The root of the compliment was the intellectual antithesis between the two "perfections." It was an irresistible frolic of his intellect without ulterior object; it arose on the spot in the spirit of play, and the fun was heightened by putting on the outward appearance of flirtation, as kittens will roll themselves up in the end of a shawl. On the same principle, within the limits of good breeding and good taste, we may pay outrageous compliments when, owing to the playful form in which they are put, they provoke laughter by the manifest hyperbole. In such cases, a delicate sense is left behind that a little of the compliment was meant to be taken after all; and much sidelong fun, relished in proportion to the quickness of appreciation on both sides, arises from the irony, equally patent to both, though unexpressed, of what is offered but not supposed to be taken, together with all the delicate network of educated association, and the little ripple of superficial doubt as to the exact apportionment of the praise. On the other hand, we may affect to lay earnest and solemn blame on a person for supposed shortcomings or bad qualities, when it is notorious that he deserves the highest praise for the contrary. Nevertheless, this is sometimes dangerous ground. It sometimes happens that persons are haunted with a morbid sense of deficiency, when everybody around them is secretly admiring them. A delicate compliment thus turns to poison. These instances are not so very rare in minor matters as people might think. It is surprising how long we may live and yet not discover what those immediately around us like and dislike in us, what they praise and blame. It seems almost safer to praise or blame ourselves extravagantly in the spirit of play, if play we must, and some minds must play or die. Yet even here there are rocks ahead. For we may leave our bosom friends temporarily in doubt whether or not we are the vainest of men, whereas genuine playfulness is incompatible, while it lasts, with vanity, as it is with pride, or care, or jealousy, or hatred, or assumption, which is one of the secrets of its popularity when recognised as genuine. None of these passions are compatible with spontaneous feeling and forgetfulness of self.

That spontaneity which for a time forgets itself is the very essence of playfulness. Hence forced conversations, full of made-up jokes and quotations, full as it were of rancid butters and potted meats, or studded with the dried fruits of other men's thoughts, are abhorrent to the genuine "play" of the feelings and intellect. The spirit of intellectual play is, we repeat, essentially spontaneous. Its fruits grow upon the spot—fresh, juicy, in the sun, without aim except to give and receive pleasure, swallowed up in the moment and in the thoughts springing out of the moment, jealous of all intrusion from other quarters, either by way of disquisition or of display (unless they be mock displays for the sake of sport), whether of wit, or sharpness, or learning. The genius of play is the genius of happiness, and happiness is of its nature genuine, and alien to shams, except as playful satires upon shams. On the other hand, it is a question whether the spirit of play is not sometimes enhanced by suffering. Tic-douloureux and playfulness are of course not very compatible. But when Sheridan, after gambling losses, kicked the old gentleman in his way and "d-d him for always tying his shoe," he can hardly have been entirely unconscious of a certain grim playfulness. A friend who poisoned himself by mistake told us that, when suffering agonies, he was chiefly conscious of the grimly ludicrous aspects under which one circumstance succeeded another. The exquisite irony of the contrast between his own internal sensations and the sunny indifference (it was a beautiful morning) or stolid surprise of all around him, while he was in a galloping haste to escape death, made an impression upon him which rose above the pain, as, for instance, when his porter asked leave to change his shoes before he went for the doctor. Irresistible also was the bland and magnificent phrase in which the doctor, when found, inquired "what might be the matter," and the cajoling smile and endearing question, after the administration of a monster emetic, whether "he did not feel a little sick yet." These cases are after a grosser kind; but we all know some instance or other in which much suffering has so refined the faculties and so enlarged the mind, so purified away all selfishness, that the intellect abstracts itself from the

mere sense of physical pain, and plays benignly with all the little incongruities of life, not from affectation, not for display, but by a rare combination of courage and delicate organization, tempered in the furnace of peculiar trial. Cases such as these are as rare as they are beautiful, but they are far as the poles asunder from the self-elected frivolities and emptinesses of artificial seclusion.

We cannot leave the subject without guarding ourselves against being supposed to defend any silly antics and empty jocularity—as, for instance, the finikin attempt at condescension, under the affectation of playfulness, of many sucking curates, whose scanty wits are added by the slippers they can no longer count, and whose mental stature does not reach above the mere millinery, so to speak, of the Church; or, again, the oily graces, which we may all have witnessed, and the airs as of a dancing bear, which popular preachers think adapted to cajole the million. There is about real intellectual playfulness a delicacy of fibre and perception, a love of the more beautiful aspects of freedom and nature, an abhorrence of cant and imitation and subserviency, as of birdlime in birds, a sense of the ludicrous, and a disposition generally so natural as to forbid it ever falling into such grooves. He who can imagine Sydney Smith, with his enormous perception of the ridiculous, his large, natural, and sunny instincts, his finely and delicately cultivated intellect, his masculine sense and sincerity, grovelling before a tea meeting, has imagined enough, in Sydney Smith's own words, to "conceive a giraffe with a sore throat." "Fancy," he said, once sitting quietly at the Deanery of St. Paul's with some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "fancy a giraffe with a sore throat!"

SUPERSTITION AND EDUCATION.

AT the annual meeting of the British School Society, Mr. Spurgeon, having to make one of the speeches, dwelt upon the importance of education as a check to superstition. He referred not merely to the case of Sible Hedingham which lately attracted public attention, but also to his own experience of the Essex peasantry, whom he described as labouring under all sorts of delusions about witches and charms. Give them good schools, said Mr. Spurgeon, and they will at once cease to believe in any such nonsense. Lord Granville, who also appeared on the occasion, was rather more charitable to the labourers. He said that it was hard to charge them with superstition, as if it were their exclusive peculiarity, when superstitions infinitely more absurd are firmly held by those members of the higher classes who flock to Mr. Home and other spirit-rappers and table-turners. These remarks raise a very curious question. The relation between education and superstition is by no means a simple matter, and it cannot be affirmed, without explanations and qualifications, that the prevalence of either excludes the other. Lord Granville's illustration might be indefinitely multiplied. Dr. Newman has received as high an education as any man in England; yet he, as his apology for his life informs us, takes to belief in marvels as naturally as a duck to water. He wished in his infancy to believe the stories in the *Arabian Nights*, and when he came to be a man, he revelled, amongst other things, in a notion that the whole world is a sort of machine, of which angels pull the strings. It seems to him consonant with the whole nature and constitution of things under which we live, not only that St. Januarius's blood should liquefy, but that, in order to account for the liquefaction of his blood, we should, with hardly any other evidence to that effect, believe that St. Januarius existed. This is a common phenomenon in Roman Catholics who are well satisfied with their creed, especially in those who have gone over to it from Protestantism. They like to believe marvels, and their education only develops the taste. The Americans have a tendency, to some extent, similar to this. Spirit-rapping in all its forms flourishes among them more vigorously than in any other part of the world; and not only spirit-rapping, but Mormonism, which makes almost as large a demand upon the understanding. Nay, Mr. Spurgeon himself is probably not so absolutely free, at least in the eyes of others, from superstition as he may suppose. The belief which is entertained by large numbers of religious people in what they call Special Providences constantly degenerates into superstition. Many of the early Methodists were well and even elaborately educated men, yet the records of their labours abound with instances of the belief that adjustments of the order of events to their personal convenience so marked as to deserve the name of miracles were continually occurring. Baxter's life is full of matter of the same kind, and both Baxter and Wesley believed in ghosts with all their hearts. Baxter's ghost stories are well known, and all the Wesley family seem to have thought that the belief in a God and a spiritual world had been in the highest degree confirmed by the rumblings, scratchings, and other mysterious noises which were heard in their father's house at Epworth—by way of a providential punishment, as Mrs. Wesley supposed, to her husband's presumption in meaning to live apart from her till she repented of what a modern American would call her Jacobite proclivities. Dr. Johnson, again, was as superstitious as a man need be. In short, if there be given a certain kind of belief in a spiritual world, education in itself is no protection against superstition. It operates only to change its form. Education will substitute Mr. Home for poor old Dummy of Sible Hedingham. It will substitute the refined mixture of scepticism, fairy tale, and asceticism prepared by Dr. Newman for

the revelations of Joe Smith. It—and a very little of it too—will make the difference between reading Dr. Cumming and reading Zadkiel; but that is about all. Superstition will never be rooted up so long as people believe in the sort of spiritual world which it creates and peoples.

Are we, then, to say that superstition is a good thing, or that a belief in the spiritual world is a bad thing? Are we reduced to an alternative between witchcraft and atheism? Where is the line to be drawn? The question is one of tremendous importance, and if those who suppose that National or British schoolmasters will exorcise all the witches in Essex and other agricultural counties would ask themselves the question with a real wish to find a real answer, they would find that it is by no means an easy task. The first observation to be made upon it is, that the only kind of spiritual world worth believing in is one which does not interfere with the common course of events here. This life is, we may trust, the threshold and introduction to another. We may also hope that it is the theatre of a Divine Government, but it is complete in itself, and is governed by general rules, not by exceptional interferences. However this may be, one thing is plain; whatever is true, superstition is false. Mr. Spurgeon is quite right in believing that the spread of education will expose and destroy it. His error lies in supposing that it will do so with perfect facility, and without modifying beliefs which he considers the most sacred and important of all truths. You cannot refute witchcraft as you refute the notion that the sun moves round the world. It is not a specific error which can be shown to be such by specific proofs. It is part of a habit of mind to which the teaching—direct and indirect—given through the schools, the books, the newspapers, and all the other organs of instruction of the present day is fundamentally opposed, but which has much in common with the views of religion that have generally prevailed in the world. The education which roots it up will produce wide and deep changes in the religious belief of millions.

The slow growth of knowledge, the slow retreat and destruction of superstition, may be described as M. de Tocqueville described the growth of democracy. It is "the most continuous, the most ancient, the most permanent fact known in history." One supernatural power after another has been first undermined, and then thrown down and forgotten. Milton's magnificent words have a wider meaning than he attaches to them:—

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Nor are the lines which follow less true. The process is a painful one, and breaks up old associations:—

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

If it be true, as some people appear to think, that religion is inextricably connected with superstition—that the ignorant clown who believes in witchcraft is only performing in a clumsy way the same operation as every educated man who sincerely prays to God—atheism has virtually gained the day; for if there is any negative proposition upon which we can rely—and surely there are many—it is the proposition that neither ghosts, nor witches, nor other limited rational agents than men and women, play any part in the affairs of the world.

There are those, no doubt, who think differently. A few men who rebel against what they consider the harsh and cold nature of modern science are resolved to avert their eyes from the broad facts of the case and to concentrate their attention on a certain small class of exceptions. They cling to ghosts, to legends, to marvels of all sorts, as the only refuge open to them from the coarsest forms of materialism; and if any of their darling fables are taxed with falsehood, absurdity, or even positive conscious imposture, they reply with great precaution, and with rhetorical artifices dexterously contrived to veil their meaning. "After all (they ask), what does it matter? These stories are as true as anything else, and a great deal prettier and more moral than the real, hard, vulgar truth which enables men to make railways, steamships, and electric telegraphs. We can get through our lives very happily by fondling the clouds which our own imagination invests with quasi-human shape. Why should this smoky, noisy, unmannerly science be allowed to interfere with our graceful amusements? Rather than fairly discuss on any intelligible grounds the truth of what we believe, rather than be exposed to the pain of admitting the possibility of our being wrong, we will affirm (though in a way which will make it very difficult to fix us with such a belief) that faith has nothing to do with truth; that human nature is so arranged that the imagination is its rightful master; and that if the imagination can get an organized system to work through, that system ought to be treated with unlimited respect and absolute submission by the whole human race in respect of all their most important concerns." This sentiment is the net result of a great deal of language which is popular in these days and

passes for being orthodox. Let us believe in what we know in our hearts to be false, rather than run the risk of disbelieving what we wish in our hearts to be true.

This sentiment is the greatest, the most subtle, and the most dangerous temptation of the day. It is the essence of all lying, priestcraft, imposture, cowardice, dishonesty, and tyranny. It is the formal opposite of every quality which deserves respect, and by which great nations in general, and the English nation in particular, have hitherto commanded it. Unless the broad facts of the world in which we live justify the religious sentiment, let us give it up, instead of hunting for evidence in the lurking holes of wizards and cheats. We had better be atheists at once, if it must be so, than pretend to believe in a God and a future state on the sort of evidence which would be called to support a fraudulent *alibi*. If the general course of human affairs does not make it credible that our hopes and fears, our virtues and vices, our victories and defeats form a cosmos and not a chaos—that they are the subject of a Providential government, and not the mere product of physical agencies; if the limitation of our faculties, and the impossibility of explaining human conduct and the phenomena of conscience and virtue without reference to something beyond ourselves, do not suggest the wisdom and practical necessity of acting upon the supposition that that something exists; if the history of the world for 1800 years does not make the substantial truth of the Christian history appear probable and reasonable; in a word, if the moral and physical constitution of the world in which we live does not lead us to believe in a God and a future life, we shall not get that belief from gipsies, and Zaddiels, and winking virgins, and dancing tables. If, on the broad merits of the case, the proper inference is, that the fundamental doctrines of religion are mere scarecrows, it is our duty and our wisdom to say so boldly, and to act upon what we say. The acknowledgment of that obligation—its real practical acknowledgment with respect to every doctrine which claims our belief—is an indispensable condition precedent to our having any belief at all worthy of the name. If our creed is to die at last, let it die in the light, and fall by the hands of a worthy antagonist.

This, in case of need, would be the answer which a wise and brave man would give to the seductions which act so powerfully on many imaginations. But if we look honestly at the various religions in which men have believed and do believe, at the part which they have played in human history, and at the influence which they have exerted over human conduct, we shall see much to point to the conclusion that religion can by no means be described as a refined superstition, though superstition may be a debased or infant form of religion. Indeed, a calm and rational conception of religion is one great cure for superstition. If our fundamental beliefs are considered as inferences derived from a broad view of the world and human nature, then our notions of God and man will be formed from a consideration of the great leading principles by which the world and human nature may be understood, not from strange stories and isolated events. We shall fix our attention more and more on the great features of that vast system, partially and dimly understood, in the midst of which we stand, and less and less on the special circumstances which may first have directed our minds towards such reflections. By the habit of looking up, looking forward, and looking round, we shall come to care less for details; and perhaps, in course of time, men, on being told that a virgin winked, or that a saint had swum with his head under his arm, might come to say, What if they did? It is in the rule, and not in the exception, that we recognise wisdom and design, and, on the whole, beneficence. Your virgin may have winked; your saint may have swum; but for devotional purposes we prefer to think of the use which men get from solid wood and continuous back-bones. Reverence and religion, in our minds, are the fruit of knowledge, and not of fear. The world and its Maker need neither apology nor concealment; the broad sunlight and the free air of heaven are more divine than the twilight of a forest or the odour of lamps and incense.

THE ARK ON PRIMROSE HILL.

ONE of the speakers at the meeting on Primrose Hill this day week said something about the spectacle being one which no other country could produce. No doubt the remark was perfectly true as far as the countries of Europe are concerned; and very possibly, even in America just now, a meeting for the express purpose of abusing the Government generally, morally pulling the nose of a Secretary of State, and knocking together the heads of a pair of high officials, might not be tolerated. The inference drawn, of course, was that—like everything else peculiar to this country—it was to be admired. This we do not deny in the least. But an object may be a pleasant sight for many reasons. It may be gratifying in itself, or merely pleasant as an evidence of the existence of a desirable state of things. A vigorous, healthy thistle is a pleasant sight, as it suggests a fertile soil that may one day produce something good, but there is only one creature we know of that admires it for its own intrinsic merits. In the same way, a large, self-controlled, good-humoured public meeting for a political purpose may be a pleasant sight, as it argues a well-established state of things, a general confidence in the national good sense and love of order, and an absence of intolerance or petty jealousy on the part of the governing classes. So far the Primrose Hill meeting on Saturday last was worthy of

admiration, but its claims from any other point of view are not great. In the first place, it was promoted in a factious and quarrelsome spirit. No Tipperary boy, "mouldy for want of a beating," trailing his coat and daring his adversary to tread upon it, ever tried to get up a fight more openly and deliberately than did the organizers of this meeting endeavour to bring about a collision with the police. Granting that they would have allowed themselves to be taken into custody without resistance, and would have exerted all the influence they possessed over their auditors—and we are willing to do them the justice of saying that they would have tried to prevent serious consequences—how can they be sure they would have succeeded? With all its love of order, an English crowd has its passions, which are not the less likely to break out because of narcotics previously exhibited in the form of placards. Was this a risk worth incurring? In some other countries it may be necessary to try political rights by bringing matters to a crisis. But no one in this country has any excuse for resorting to such an expedient. What Blackstone says about every wrong having its remedy may not be universally true, but there are plenty of regular and constitutional methods of obtaining a remedy when once the wrong is made out to exist. These gentlemen have plenty of friends in the House of Commons who would be only too glad of the chance of an evening's sport at such game. If they were not certain that the authorities did not mean to interfere, they were incurring a perfectly needless risk of, at any rate, riot, and possibly more. If they knew that no interference was contemplated, they were simply acting the part of the geese in the farm-yard, who cackle and hiss after the watch-dog when they know he has no intention of attacking them.

Nor was the meeting itself calculated to excite any particular feelings of rapture in the mind of a dispassionate observer. It had been announced, and has been since described in the newspapers, as a meeting of "working men." If we knew nothing about the real working man, this phrase would be one of the greatest etymological puzzles of the day. We need not consider the preliminary difficulty as to why one section of society should monopolize a title which in these days applies with equal truth to about nine out of every ten men in any station of life whatever. The terminology of stump oratory has no necessary connexion with the meaning of words. "The people" does not mean the people, but that particular fragment of it which the stump orator happens to be addressing. Mr. Odgers, in his remarks to Mr. Gladstone the other day, with a stroke of genius hit upon the correlative to "the people," when he drew that nice distinction between "the parties" who were "so solicitous" about Garibaldi's health, and "the people" who were not. The difficulty about the phrase "working man" is that it seems to be only applicable on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. If we took the working man on the showing of those who are always thrusting themselves forward as his champions and representatives, we should be compelled to set him down as the very iddest member of the community. His "work" appears to be of a very easy and accommodating sort. He is always ready to get up and jaw away for a couple of hours on a stretch, or to listen to somebody else jawing. He has always time enough to turn out on the least provocation and march in a procession, carrying a banner or a long wand. His business never prevents him from serving as a committee-man, or a delegate, or a deputation, or a demonstration, or in any other capacity of not less than three syllables, for, when fully inflated, he cannot get himself into any narrower compass. We need hardly point out that the real working man has not the time for these amusements, even if he had the inclination. He is a totally different being from these gentry, who, if words are to have any connexion with facts, might be called "walking men," or "talking men"—anything but working men. He is a hard-headed, and, if it must be so, hard-handed fellow (though why a callosity of the palm should be always held up as an infallible sign of virtue we cannot imagine), not always quite contented with his lot (which of us is?), not always free from envy of others with whom the world goes easier; yet not devoid of all faith in his fellow-man, nor inclined to look upon the world as a vast collection of natural enemies compelled to live together, like the street showman's "happy family."

At the Primrose Hill meeting there were comparatively few who looked at all like those to whom, in business and the affairs of ordinary life, the title "working man" would be applied. Considering its object and nature, the number of boys who had felt it their duty to attend was remarkable. A considerable fraction, perhaps even a fifth, seemed to be under the age of twenty. This perhaps was owing to a lurking hope in the breasts of these young champions of liberty that there was going to be a row. To the lively imagination of youth, the glazed hat of a policeman is as typical of tyranny as that of Gesler, and the chance of dancing on it in a *mêlée* would naturally prove a strong attraction. Their enthusiasm, however, cost them dear, at least some of the smaller ones who got embedded in the crowd. It was touching, when there was any allusion—as there was frequently—to Denmark crushed to death between Austria and Prussia, or to Poland trampled under foot by the iron heel of the despot, to hear these small friends of freedom shrilly crying, "ear, ear." They, at any rate, fully sympathized with Denmark and Poland.

Another remarkable feature was the number of unattached spouters who, as their names were not in the programme for the evening, were anxious to get an innings before the regulars began. One poor man had been at the pains to write out his sentiments in a good stout manuscript-book, which he endeavoured to read.

But the crowd apparently did not consider it respectful to address them out of a written document, and treated his arguments with ridicule, putting questions to him which more frequently referred to his mother than to the right of public meeting; and he was left addressing empty daisies—or whatever is the equivalent for benches in the case of an open-air discussion—the moment the real Simon Pures appeared on the scene, which they did arm-in-arm. Why do committee-men proceeding to business always walk arm-in-arm? Is it meant to symbolize perfect unanimity? If so, the Committee (or the Comity, as the persons who cleared the way insisted on calling them) were as unanimous a body as could be desired. As we have already said that real working men were not very plenty, it is only fair to state that these gentlemen did their best to point out the distinctive character of the meeting by putting an instance of severe physical labour in the van of the procession. This was a member carrying the Italian tricolor. The flagstaff was heavy, the evening warm, the ascent steep, and he perspired freely.

The subject of these irregulars and of the regulars who followed them was the same, and the style very similar. Any one who had ever listened for five minutes to a debate in the Discussion Forum or any similar school of oratory might have easily recognised the tone of the professional spouter. Beginning by dilating on his own grievances—the tyrannical conduct of his employer, for instance—this sort of gentleman gets known among his compotators as a “fellow that has the gift of the gab”; then, trying a higher flight, he seeks the bubble reputation even in Coger’s Hall, and perhaps gains it to an extent that makes it worth the landlord’s while to enter into an arrangement with him relative to refreshment on advantageous terms, and so by degrees comes to be a confirmed public deliverer of well-rounded platitudes. It is easy to conceive gentlemen of this sort being driven to the verge of desperation by the grievance-famine under which they have suffered for a long time. There has been such a total want of any good subject for jaw that, but for Garibaldi, they must have burst.

We do not for a moment mean to say that the speakers deputed to address the meeting on Primrose Hill were necessarily persons who had received their oratorical education in this way. We wish heartily that it had been so, because, however pardonable in a pothouse Cicero, it is painful when a man of education talks blatant bunkum to a crowd of people less qualified to distinguish between right and wrong than himself. As to Mr. Washington Wilks, we have nothing to say. A man with such a name can hardly help himself; he may be almost considered as having been predestined to a career of declamation. But there was no reason why Mr. Beales should insinuate that there was a desire on any one’s part to interfere with the privilege of free discussion, or why he should invite a crowd of uneducated, or at least slightly educated, men to “allow no profane hand to be stretched out against this ark of national liberty.” He knew perfectly well that it was no question of the ark of national liberty—that nobody wanted to profane it. He knew that the only question was whether the ark aforesaid was to be carried about by any self-constituted David and set down in any place where he might think fit to dance before it “as one of the vain fellows,” with more or less indecency and disregard of the public comfort. Nobody wants to interfere with the right of Mr. Beales’s “people” to hold open-air meetings; but, unfortunately, Mr. Beales’s “people” want, or at least he says they do, to interfere with the rights of the people in general in the Parks. Unless listening to a speech of Mr. Beales’s can be fairly described as public recreation, the Parks are not kept up for him to address meetings in. Nor is it a question of law, in the sense in which Mr. Beales would have it understood. It is a question of order. It is a question of the comfort and convenience of the public, which the Government, as trustee for the public, is bound to preserve by such means as may be necessary. There is no positive law against bathing at noon-day in the Serpentine, but Mr. Beales and his friends could hardly complain if Mr. Cowper took steps to prevent their coming *en masse*, and going through an operation, healthful and invigorating in itself, and in its proper place highly commendable, but, under such circumstances, quite out of place. The comparison is not an extreme one. If Mr. Beales and his friends are to hold meetings about Garibaldi in Hyde Park, there is, of course, no reason why the admirers of the Pope should not also assemble to discuss the affairs of that other eminent Italian. The meetings—such is the Celtic temperament—might happen to come off simultaneously, and, in that case, we think most of the quiet frequenters of the Park would much prefer the spectacle of Mr. Beales and a bevy of working men in the costume of nature, to the treat which his anxiety in the cause of public speaking had provided for them.

THE FRENCH POISONING CASE.

ONE practical consequence of the contrast between the French and English systems of criminal jurisprudence is that we are relieved from the obligation of declining to discuss an alleged crime so long as it is before the Courts. So tender are we in England of the interests of every accused person that we refrain from any observations which, by the remotest possibility, could prove his guilt. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether there is not an inconvenient side to this reticence which society imposes on itself. It is not to be questioned that the interests of a possibly innocent man form a very sacred social trust; but the practical result of giving

every accused person every chance, and of the English presumption of entire innocence until guilt is demonstratively proved, is some abatement of the horror of crime itself. There is always a sort of latent feeling in favour of the prisoner. The whole thing is looked on as a great duel between a single friendless man and a powerful array of force, law, and intelligence. We are tempted always to side with what looks the weakest. There is an accused person; a whole brigade of police hunts him down; and the sympathy of the mob is against the myrmidons of the law. Then there are the magistrates, and the prison, and the lawyers, and the judges, and the terribly precise indictment, and the technical character of the prosecution. It may be very wrong, but there is more of secret sympathy than we like to own to in favour of the wretch overwhelmed by this formidable and vindictive body of enemies. English feeling hangs together, and is consistent enough. A murderer receives quite as much pity as detestation; a thief and a robber is esteemed an unfortunate victim of an inconvenient and disjointed social system. We are certainly sedulous in our care of a rogue’s interests, and comforts, and happiness. Nor is all this blameworthy. Yet there is another side of public interest which scarcely receives its due consideration and respect. We slur over, if we do not forget, the wrong done to society by a crime, and we esteem it not so much a high duty as a troublesome necessity to detect and punish the criminal.

We are hardly, therefore, fair judges of the incidents of a French criminal process. Our neighbours start with that idea which we almost unwillingly entertain at all. Their business is to detect crime and to prove guilt. The necessity is laid upon authority not to let wrong remain undetected and unavenged. The fact of a crime is plain, and, in trying to bring it home to the guilty, French officers of justice do not confine themselves to technical and pedantic rules of evidence, but act much as moral agents would act in settling probable cases. They may be wrong in their first suspicions, but it is only part of human infirmity to make occasional wrong guesses. And when they think that they have grave grounds of suspicion against any person, there is nothing, in their judgment, wrong in finding out everything against him, in aggravating all that is unfavourable, and in reading his whole life and conduct with a prejudice. It is the function of authority to convict, and everything which ensures conviction is permissible. It is for the law to prove; disproof is the business of the accused. Among us, it is assumed to be the function of the law merely to sit as a passionless assessor, serene and unbiassed, with no opinion and no wish except to see that an accused person has fair play; by which, in practice, is meant, that he has every possible assistance in concealing his guilt and escaping condemnation. The supreme aim of the English law is that no innocent person should ever be convicted—that of the French law that no guilty person should ever escape. At present it has been found impossible, and it will probably for ever remain impossible, to combine the two results; but in our admiration for our own practice—which, by the way, is of recent growth—we are apt to do scanty justice to the great moral intention of the French criminal law.

The case of La Pommerais, another great oyer of poisoning, is rather one which illustrates the two principles than very remarkable for its own novelty. It is one of which there have been many parallels in our own Courts. The practice of life assurance has been the fruitful parent of murder, and its extension makes it specially incumbent on society to visit with rigour crimes which arise from the abuse of an institution which is among the most valuable instruments of public good. It is sometimes said that cases of suspicious death among those whose lives are insured are so frequent that it would be inexpedient for the English offices to be too particular in their investigations, and so to earn an evil name with intending insurers. The imputation, however, of unfair treatment is so easily made, and common rumour may have a basis of fact so slender, that we do not attach much importance to this general opinion. La Pommerais, a medical man, insured heavily the life of a woman named Pauw, with whom he had contracted criminal relations. With the names of Palmer, Dove, and Smethurst in our recollection, it is an unpleasant reflection how much society is at the mercy of professional gentlemen, possessing a scientific knowledge of toxicology, and interested, as everybody now can interest himself, in the life and death of their patients. One of the main, though it is of the lowest, securities which a patient feels when he commits himself to the professional arbiter of life and death is the reflection that, under all ordinary circumstances, it is the doctor’s interest to keep his patient *inter vivos*. But the practice of life assurance too frequently, perhaps, dispels these natural illusions. What were La Pommerais’ possible motives in poisoning the woman Pauw? He insured this woman’s life for the enormous sum of 22,000*l.* in as many as eight different companies; and it appears—so La Pommerais asserts—that there was an understanding between him and the woman Pauw to cheat the companies from the first. She was to feign illness after the payment of the first premiums, and the companies were to be induced to commute their risk of an almost immediate, or certainly impending, payment of 22,000*l.* for an annuity of 240*l.* We were not aware that life insurance offices ever went into this sort of negotiation, and as the name of an English office has been mentioned, it is perhaps as well that we should know whether any such practice obtains among us. These insurances were effected by the woman Pauw last July, and in August they were assigned to La Pommerais. The first premiums were paid, but

before the January premiums were due Madame Pauw was in the shades. In September she became ill, in October she got worse, in November she died. Her medical attendant was her lover, the physician La Pommerais, now a married man, who, it seems to be proved, bought a preparation of foxglove of the ultimate use of which he can give no account—La Pommerais, the holder of the 22,000*l.* policies payable on his patient's death—La Pommerais, who above all men in the world had the most personal interest in her speedy death. Under these circumstances, it was neither in French law nor in human nature not to suspect this man of the murder of the woman Pauw; and, in the investigation of the suspected and now accused La Pommerais' antecedents, it appears that his mother-in-law, one Madame Dubizy, died under very suspicious circumstances. La Pommerais, at the time of his marriage, was absolutely without means, and he gave false representations about certain property which, as he pretended, was his, but which consisted of shares borrowed for the purpose of deception. His mother-in-law's death was at any rate convenient to him, for it would not only remove a very disagreeable surveillance, but would place her personal property of some 50,000 *fr.* in his possession. La Pommerais purchased considerable quantities of digitalis and morphine, attended Madame Dubizy, and—she died. It is not clear whether he is arraigned for the double murder; it rather seems that the *acte d'accusation* only writes the history of Madame Dubizy's life and death *ad augendam invidiam* against the poisoner. The similarity of the case in this particular to Palmer's, who was strongly suspected of having performed his novitiate in poisoning before he tried his practised hand on Cook, is remarkable.

It is obvious that in England, if La Pommerais had been indicted for the murder of the woman Pauw, the biography of Madame Dubizy could not have been investigated; nor should we have gained that insight which is afforded into the prisoner's previous life, the inconsistency between his religious assertions and irreligious sentiments, his alleged *escroquerie* and fraudulent representations on various occasions, on which he has been interrogated by the Court. We are told that all this is irrelevant to the issue. It would be irrelevant to the issue presented to an English jury, but it is highly relevant to the issue before the French tribunal. It is complained that the object of all this and of the highly dramatic colouring given to the statement of the case is to damage the character of the prisoner generally, and to dispose the jury readily to believe that he is guilty of the crime charged against him. Undoubtedly this is so. The whole matter is of the nature of a moral inquiry; and it is plain that the man who has been or who is reasonably supposed to have been, guilty of one murder, is likely to have committed another where the instruments and motives are identical. Again, we in England do not act upon the feeling that a penniless adventurer, and a man of notoriously evil life and evil morals, is more likely to be a great criminal than a man of irreproachable morals and conversation. It makes no difference to us whether a man accused of murder is an Aristides or a convicted felon stained with every crime; but it is foolish and absurd to pretend that, in order to arrive at a right judgment, a man's previous character has nothing whatever to do with the particular charge. It certainly does not necessarily follow that La Pommerais murdered the woman Pauw, because he insured her life for 22,000*l.* in order to secure a sum of 3,000 francs which he says she owed him, but which there is not the slightest likelihood that she ever borrowed. But it is ridiculous to urge that justice has no right to ask La Pommerais why he effected the insurance at all, or to test his explanation of the fact by other facts. It may be, and we are not saying that it is not, quite right to have expunged this sort of process from the English law; yet let us be fair. A more admirable system for bringing home guilt to the guilty than that pursued in France it is impossible to conceive; but unfortunately it will not work, at least in France, without such a judicial interrogation of the prisoner, and such a general treatment of reasonably suspected and accused persons, as is in principle identical with torture, and is not only repugnant to English feeling, but ought to be repugnant to human nature.

AMENITIES OF CRIMINAL COURTS.

THE administration of justice at the Central Criminal Court and the Middlesex Sessions House still exemplifies those methods of forensic warfare which better taste and sounder sense have combined to render obsolete in the Courts which sit at Westminster Hall. The Central Criminal Court, being under the control of the fifteen Judges, does not exhibit the same luxuriance of oratorical embellishment which is to be found at the Sessions House, where counsel sometimes slang one another amid the plaudits of the bench of magistrates; but still the Old Bailey maintains its title to be considered as the chief school of a peculiar style of advocacy. Thieves do not perhaps escape punishment more frequently in London than in the country, but they have the satisfaction of hearing much grander speeches made in their defence. A good example of the genuine Old Bailey style was afforded lately, when the principals and seconds in the fight between King and Heenan were brought up at the Sussex Quarter Sessions. A barrister eminent in the criminal line spoke of the "heroic conduct" of a magistrate who went on the ground and attempted to stop the fight. If it was supposed that this language would propitiate the Bench, the barrister who used it made a great

mistake; for, whatever may be the case in Middlesex, it is unfortunately true that magistrates in Sussex are not without a sense of the ridiculous, and to call a man a hero because he exposed himself without flinching to a fire of chaff would almost appear like an attempt to imitate the funny man at the ring-side. But it is not always that such flights of oratory are essayed in an uncongenial atmosphere. We must suppose that there are audiences which listen with delight when the irrepressible Mr. Pater contends for the independence of the English Bar, although the great majority of barristers would perhaps very much prefer that Mr. Pater should not constitute himself their champion. The importance of Mr. Pater's case has been exaggerated by some of the newspapers which reported it, for there is little probability that any barrister who combines efficiency with amenity will ever find himself under the necessity, even in the Sessions House of Middlesex, of claiming so large a measure of freedom of speech as Mr. Pater has been fined for exercising. It must be allowed, however, that a jurymen who interrupts counsel with the remark "we know what that means"—although the remark may be very true—is guilty of an impropriety almost as great as going to sleep or lighting a cigar at the commencement of counsel's speech.

But, before we discuss Mr. Pater's case any further, it may be convenient to readers to be informed what were the exact circumstances which have given to Mr. Pater notoriety, if not fame. On the 22nd of March last, a servant was tried at the Middlesex Sessions for stealing knives and forks, the property of his master, and was convicted. Mr. Pater was counsel for the defence. The case appears to have been quite simple and straightforward, and it would be impossible to persuade oneself that either the style of examination adopted by the prosecuting counsel or Mr. Pater's altercation with the jury could have had the slightest influence on the result. Almost every day in the sittings of a criminal court, there occur cases so very clear that a verdict of guilty would be inevitable even if Mr. Pater were to open the case for the prosecution by telling the foreman of the jury that he was another. It seems, however, that Mr. Pater objected to some question put by counsel on the other side, and that the foreman of the jury remarked to the effect that he knew what the objection meant. It probably meant that Mr. Pater was endeavouring to make what pretence he could of fighting a hopeless case. Counsel must do something for their fees, and, if more nonsense is talked in criminal than in other courts, the reason is that often there is absolutely nothing else to talk. Perhaps the contempt of court for which Mr. Pater has been fined arose from the poverty of materials available for the construction of his speech for the defence. If the knives and forks of the master had indisputably been pawned by the servant, it is difficult to suggest any topic which could advantageously be urged by the prisoner's counsel. The prosecutor says:—"The prisoner was in my employ, and those are my knives and forks." The pawnbroker says:—"The prisoner brought those knives and forks to my shop." That is the whole case. It is a case which Erskine himself could not resist, and Mr. Pater is not Erskine, although he has had an altercation with a judge. To say nothing where there is nothing to say is not, it must be owned, a method of advocacy which can be confidently recommended as likely to bring those who adopt it into large business at the bar. At any rate, it is not a method likely to find favour at the Middlesex Sessions, and accordingly Mr. Pater thought himself of thanking God that a jury consisted of twelve men, for, if only the foreman were upon it, there could be no doubt what would be the verdict. Mr. Pater afterwards admitted, or at least did not deny, that he meant to imply that the foreman, "from what had transpired that day," was hostile to the prisoner's counsel, and from that motive would convict the prisoner. In penny-a-liner's language, a row, in Court or out of it, and whether prosecuted with tongues or fisticuffs, is said to "transpire," and it is one of the peculiarities of Old Bailey advocacy that it is a good deal like penny-a-lining. Mr. Pater, being called upon to apologize for this imputation upon the foreman, declined to do so, and the result of all that "transpired" in Court was that Mr. Pater was fined 20*l.* for contempt. An application was made to the Court of Queen's Bench last term on behalf of Mr. Pater, of which the object was to induce that Court to review the conduct of the Court of Quarter Sessions in inflicting the fine; and thus Mr. Pater's case has obtained more notice than it deserved.

When the matter came to be discussed in the Court of Queen's Bench, it was rendered, if possible, more absurd by an affidavit of Mr. Payne, the judge who imposed the fine, stating that Mr. Pater spoke "under great excitement, and in a loud, threatening, and insulting tone and manner, and with violent gestures." Some authorities lay down that the great desideratum for success in forensic oratory is impudence; while others say that it is action. Mr. Pater may be considered to have received from Mr. Payne a satisfactory certificate of possessing the last-named requisite; but really, if excitement of manner and bluster of tone and violence of gesture are to be treated as elements of contempt, not only Mr. Pater but several other shining lights of the criminal bar will be in danger of repression. There are orators whose action is so forcible that it is hardly possible to believe the ears which tell you that they are uttering only feeble words. It may have been part of Mr. Pater's action to clench his fist, and if so it would be hard that he should be suspected of an intention to punch the foreman's head. As of Mr. Pater's matter, so of his manner it may be observed that a good deal of allowance ought to be made for a man

who has to make a speech with nothing to say; for certainly the louder and more emphatic be the utterance of irrelevancies the more likely are they to be mistaken by a portion of the audience for cogent arguments. It is not at all impossible that Mr. Pater's speech which incurred the fine produced in some of his hearers the impression that, if ever they got into trouble, that would be the man to get them out of it. Mr. Payne's affidavit contained the further statement that in some other case Mr. Pater had called a juror "a wicked old man"—a statement which, however irrelevant to the question before the Court of Queen's Bench, is important as showing what sort of bear-garden the Middlesex Court of Quarter Sessions is. The public will probably distribute censure pretty impartially between Mr. Payne, Mr. Pater, and the jurymen. It was wrong in the jurymen to say what he did, wrong in Mr. Payne to allow the remark to pass uncensored, and wrong in Mr. Pater to take upon himself to give the jurymen as good as he brought. Admitting that this is a dull age and country, it is scarcely the function of judges and counsel to relieve the general monotony of existence by occasionally making themselves ridiculous. The Court of Queen's Bench considered that the Court of Quarter Sessions was entitled to judge whether a contempt had been committed against itself, and therefore it declined to relieve Mr. Pater from the fine which had been inflicted on him. But the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice may be properly regarded as an elementary lecture on manners, which may be as useful to judges and practitioners in the Criminal Courts as a twopenny school. The manners and customs of these Courts might aptly be described in the words which a sea-captain applied to the natives of an island which he had visited—namely, "manners none; customs odious." With Mr. Pater it is difficult to feel much sympathy, although, as compared with other parties to the quarrel, he has had rather hard measure. If he had been fined *zot*. for appearing as the champion of the English Bar, a considerable number of his brethren would have heard the sentence with equanimity.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S COUNTY-COURTS BILL.

THE Bill respecting the County Courts which has just been introduced into the Upper House by the Lord Chancellor contains several provisions of great and unquestionable merit. The proposal to entrust those useful omnivorous tribunals with a limited equitable jurisdiction, so as to enable them to deal with trusts and mortgages, to entertain administration suits of small amount, and to settle the disputes of petty tradesmen who may have entered into partnership in haste only to repent of their connexion at leisure, is one which will probably win the assent of all thoughtful law reformers. The extension, too, of the Tippling Act of the last century to "ale and beer" (why are "stout" and "porter" left out?), when consumed on the premises of the publican or beer-shop keeper, will dry up a fruitful source of fraud, and drunkenness, and misery, and will confer on the poor man and his home a lasting benefit. We further hail with satisfaction the attempt to reduce within more manageable bounds the period fixed for the recovery of small debts by the old Statute of Limitations; though probably it will turn out, on more mature consideration, that the adoption of one year in the place of six, as the time within which the debt must be sued for and the judgment enforced, is introducing a far larger change in the law than is either expedient or just. There is yet another portion of the Bill of which we are anxious to record our unqualified approval. We allude to those clauses which have been framed with the view of confining petty causes entirely to the County Courts, and of preventing unscrupulous practitioners from resorting in such cases to the costly, and therefore oppressive, machinery of Westminster Hall.

But although, on all these points, the measure advocated by Lord Westbury is calculated to benefit in no trifling degree the lower classes of the community, there is one proposition embodied in the Bill which we cannot refrain from regarding with very serious alarm. The Lord Chancellor actually intends, if the Legislature will permit him, to abrogate entirely the present rule of law which empowers the judges of the County Courts to imprison for a limited time any debtor who, although quite able to satisfy the judgment of the Court, obstinately refuses to pay the instalments imposed upon him. This power, in his Lordship's opinion, has led to an extent of imprisonment which is "fearful in amount," and has otherwise been "productive of most serious consequences to the labouring population." Before we proceed to examine the justice of these sweeping denunciations, we would draw attention to two remarkable omissions in the elaborate address by which the Chancellor sought to win the sympathies of his audience to the measure. In the first place, every one who heard him must have imagined that the evils he complained of were of modern date, consequent on the introduction of the County Court system, and that the remedy he suggested was the child of his own brain, and had never before been entertained by Parliament. Yet what are the facts? Long before the establishment of the County Courts, debtors were imprisoned by Courts of Requests and other Small Debt Courts in numbers at least proportionately as numerous as those who are now committed. The hardships they endured in prison were feelingly brought under the notice of the Legislature; and, in 1844, the experiment of abolishing arrest upon final process in actions of debt not exceeding *zot*. was actually tried. The Act of 7 and 8 Vict. c. 96, s. 57, was

passed, and what was the result? The whole machinery of credit was at once thrown out of gear. The artisan who was out of work, or whose family were sick, could no longer obtain necessities from the shopkeeper, for the latter knew that, though the Courts could still ascertain the amount of debts due, they were powerless to enforce payment. The overseer was obliged to give in charity what the doctor, and the baker, and the grocer refused to give on credit, and the labouring classes were in imminent peril of becoming demoralized, and pauperized, and ruined. These alarming symptoms were all developed in a few months, and the consequence was that Parliament felt obliged to retrace its steps; and, in the very next Session after the dangerous innovation had been put to the test of experience, an Act was passed giving to the judges of the Small Debt Courts a power of imprisonment similar to that which is now exercised by the County Courts. Now, it certainly appears to us that these facts are deserving of grave consideration, and ought not to have been kept out of sight by any one who undertook to bring the subject of imprisonment for debt under the notice of the House of Peers.

The other omission in the speech is equally curious. So long back as March 1863, Lord Westbury, with the view of obtaining information available for his purpose, directed a circular to be sent to the sixty County Court judges, requesting them to state whether they thought that the power of imprisonment given by the County Court Act "should be wholly abrogated," or whether it should be modified in any way. The circular exhibited symptoms of something like a preconceived opinion on the part of the author, and the queries were put in what common lawyers would call a tolerably "leading form." Still, these peculiarities of style may have arisen simply from want of skill in the secretary who drafted the paper; and, at all events, we do not intend to draw any inference from them. In due course answers were returned by the judges to the questions put to them, and these answers are now printed in an official form. They fill seventy-one folio pages, and, taken together, they entirely exhaust the subject. Many of the letters are elaborated with great care, and in some the arguments are put forward with telling force. Out of the sixty judges, two only are in favour of abrogating the power of imprisonment, while the remaining fifty-eight express clear opinions that any such abrogation would inevitably be productive of most disastrous results. Now, we should like to know whether any of the Peers who heard the Chancellor bring forward his measure are aware of the circumstances we have just mentioned. Certainly, no one could easily have discovered them from the speech which he then delivered. Instead of boldly announcing that he had taken the opinions of the County Court judges, and had found them all but unanimous in opposing his scheme—instead of grappling with their arguments, or attempting to confute their conclusions, he contented himself with citing the brutal remarks of two old judges, made centuries ago, in the time of the Plantagenets and Stuarts, as satisfactory and logical proof that "judges almost invariably look at legal questions from the creditor's point of view."

Having gained the vantage-ground of this general assertion, the Chancellor could afford to praise the diligence, care, humanity, and anxiety for justice shown by the County Court judges in furnishing their opinions, and he was enabled with more effect to allude, as it were parenthetically, to "that feeling which naturally actuated them in favour of the existing law, and particularly of maintaining the power of imprisonment." And this was all he said upon the subject, as if he imagined that, by thus quietly "shunting" the replies of the judges, he could keep the line clear for his own pet scheme, and could avoid a collision with heavier metal, which would probably throw it off the rails. But, in point of fact, he is not likely to succeed by this oratorical device. Members of Parliament who are called upon to deal with the difficult question of County Court commitments will scarcely follow his Lordship blindly wherever he chooses to lead them, but will naturally seek for information on the subject from those who are most competent to furnish it. We do not contend that the opinions expressed by the Judges must of necessity be sound, but we do contend that, considering the opportunities which are afforded to them for ascertaining the real wants of the poor, and the experience they have had, from the commencement of the County Court system, of its practical working, it would be extremely unwise to ignore what they have written upon the subject, or even to overrule their conclusions without serious consideration. A bland assertion, that "judges have a notion that whatever the law has ordained must be right," will avail but little when it is remembered that many of the present County Court judges are men of mark as advanced law-reformers; and noble lords will lend only a qualified faith to a statement that "the judges are of course enamoured of their power," in the face of such passages as the following:—"The question of the expediency of abrogating the power of commitment is one which every County Court judge must naturally be anxious to answer affirmatively. There is no part of his duties more irksome or more anxious than the dealing with judgment summonses. . . . To the judges the abrogation would be a great relief, but we fear it is absolutely necessary to retain it." This is quoted from the joint answer of the judges for Liverpool. Another judge observes:—"No one would be more delighted to be relieved of the above most disagreeable portion of my duty, but the returns referred to show how effective the practice has been." To cite but one more passage where twenty might with ease be cited:—"I should indeed be glad if I could conscientiously answer this question in the affirmative;

my own interest points that way, and I am satisfied that nothing could give the judges greater pleasure than to be altogether relieved from the exercise of the very painful discretion imposed on them by the existence of the power of imprisonment. . . . If the power of imprisonment were wholly abrogated, the judges would be gainers in every way; but still I think the power is a salutary one, is essential to the County Court scheme, and ought to be retained in its present integrity." So much for the bias of the judges in favour of the existing law. But does the Lord Chancellor himself believe that these judges are the narrow-minded slaves of prejudice which he has represented them to be? If he does, it is difficult to imagine for what possible purpose he took the trouble of obtaining their worthless opinions. If he does not, it was scarcely respectful to his audience to assume so much complacent pity for mental infirmities which he well knew had no real existence.

We cannot at present attempt to deal further with the interesting questions raised by the Chancellor's Bill; but there is one more passage in his speech on which we wish to say a word, as we observe that several of our contemporaries have been misled by it. He was pointing out the extent of imprisonment which is occasioned by the present system of commitments, and for some reason which is not very obvious, but which in a younger man we should have thought rhetorical, he selected a period of two years instead of one for his illustration. "By a return," said he, "which I moved for, I find that in the two years ending on the 31st of December, 1863, no fewer than 17,979 persons were committed to prison." This quotation has been misunderstood, and it has been asked indignantly whether a law could be borne which permitted 18,000 poor defendants to be imprisoned for debt in a single year. No answer to this question is fortunately necessary, as the annual number of County Court prisoners does not, in fact, exceed 9,000. These reduced numbers, we are quite willing to admit, are amply sufficient to arrest attention, but we do not conceive that they afford just ground for either indignation or alarm. Out of a population of upwards of 20,000,000, when more than 260,000 offenders are each year summarily convicted, and nearly 40,000 persons are found guilty of common assaults, the number of 9,000 fraudulent or reckless debtors does not seem to be at all disproportionately great.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE.

OLD men are often in the habit of declaring that when they were young the summers were warmer and less changeable than they are now, and that the hay harvest was generally over by the end of May or the beginning of June; and most of us remember how, when we were boys, the ground in winter was commonly covered with snow, and in snowballing, sliding, and skating we rejoiced at frequent intervals for weeks together. The artist too, when he paints a picture of "Winter," or prepares his annual drawing of "Christmas" for the illustrated newspaper, whitens the whole country far and wide. The broad-wheeled waggon sticks fast in the snowdrift, the trees rising sharp against the cold sky are crusted with snow or hoar-frost, the duck-pond is frozen over, icicles hang from the thatch, and a model peasant with a child in her arms at the cottage door watches a little girl in a red petticoat who scatters crumbs to a frozen-out robin redbreast, while the model peasant himself, leaving tracks in the snow, comes home carrying a hatchet and bundle of firewood, and smiles approvingly. The reality was and is very different; and the old man's hay harvest, and the long-drawn frosts of our boyhood, are probably but the remembrances of one or two special summers and winters exaggerated over many years; for "winter," at all events with us in the middle or south of England, is assuredly more typical of rain, mud, and fog, than of snow or frost.

Changes of temperature, however, in a minor way, are common enough, and are easily enough determined without the aid of the thermometer, which, during the last winter and what we now by courtesy call spring, has often varied forty degrees within twenty-four hours. Agriculturists also tell us that we have short climatal cycles, marked by the progressive rise and fall in the price of wheat, every few years. It is pretty certain, too, that over large areas the rain and snow-fall and the streams of a country are seriously affected by the felling of forests, and by agricultural drainage; for in the settled parts of North America, and even in Scotland, many large and small water-courses are now generally quite dry which, in the old time, ran without ceasing. Spain and Mexico well know what the reckless destruction of their forests has cost them, and in the thirty Eifel the Government are now seeking, by extensive new plantations, to bring back the moisture they have lost by the waste of their ancient woods. The sizes even of modern Alpine glaciers are known to vary, their fluctuations probably depending on local variations of atmospheric precipitation. Within the last sixty years, for instance, the Glacier de la Brenva, descending from Mont Blanc, has more than once risen and subsided like the flooding and falling of a river; and for forty years past the Gôrner Glacier has been slowly overwhelming the chalets and meadows at its foot; while the Findelen Glacier has invaded a venerable pine forest, the shattered stems of whose trees lie half buried in the moraine, and the trunks of others, blasted by the approaching cold, stand ghastly on the mountain side.

It is now a piece of familiar knowledge that such changes as these are perfectly insignificant compared with those that took place during an epoch incalculably remote if we endeavour to esti-

mate its distance by human modes of calculation, but yet comparatively near in the geological calendar. For nothing is more certain than this, that since the Jura and the Oberland faced each other, and the great plains of Italy lay at the foot of the Alps, glaciers descended from these mountains on a scale so grand that on the north they filled the lowlands of Switzerland and abutted on the Jura, while south of the great range they protruded from the valleys far into the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, forming vast moraines, on one of which one of the greatest battles that Europe has seen since Waterloo has of late years been fought. But the region of thick-ribbed ice was not confined to the great chain of Central Europe. Every cluster of mountains—the Vosges and the Black Forest, those of Britain and Scandinavia—formed a centre of glacier action; and the very plains of more than the half of Northern Europe and America, in *roches moutonnées* and ice-formed striations, and in true moraine matter, both terrestrial and marine, and in the frequent occurrence of Arctic sea-shells among glacial deposits, often rich in far-transported boulders—all these bear witness to the fact that, since the time when species now living held dominion in the sea, one half of the Northern hemisphere endured an icy epoch that cannot be accounted for on any easy hypothesis of merely local geographical change. For not only were the hilly regions full of glaciers, but when those hills were more than half submerged it has been proved that the seas which surrounded them were full of ice in latitudes in which the present oceans rarely or never see an iceberg.

Geological investigations clearly show that this *glacial epoch*, as it has been termed, was an episode in the earth's history; and the question therefore arises, what was the reason that in these old times so much of the world, both land and water, north and south of the Equator, lay under the dominion of ice? The most obvious idea, and one which till lately has never been doubted, is that extreme cold gave rise to the vastness of the glaciers of these old times, for all the evidence derived from marine zoology tends to show that the icy epoch was both preceded and followed by milder seas. But the cold being granted, what was the cause of it?—that is the point that puzzles. Geologists are now beginning to be well agreed that mere changes in the local or relative distribution of sea and land could not have been sufficient to turn half of Europe and America into regions like Greenland, so that, whether the land stood high above the sea or lay beneath the waves, ice and snow in some form or other prevailed. Was the cold, then, due to external influences, and is the heat of the sun a variable quantity? For an answer to the latter part of the question we must go to astronomers and physical philosophers, some of whom used to tell us that the sun's heat was a constant quantity, while others now inform us that it is slowly (as we express time) and steadily dying out; in which case, excepting what changes in physical geography may of old have done for our earth, it seems difficult to explain how, as some geologists assert, there were several periods remarkable for cold far apart in time. It is evident that, if there be any truth in the hypothesis that the heat of the sun is kept up by the impact of solid meteorites, it is possible to conceive that, as he travels through space, such bodies may be attracted to his surface in largely varying quantities, so that at different periods corresponding variations of emitted heat may ensue. That changes in the earth's climate may be due to the passage of the sun and his planets into warm and cold regions of space is surely untenable, for if our sun could by possibility get so near another sun as that his planets could be affected by its heat, then the existing balance of our system would be interfered with to such an extent that our sun might become one of those twin-lights called double stars.

Again, is the axis of the earth constant, or can it have changed its position more than once? and may not the present poles have been nearer an ancient equator, while certain points in the present temperate regions then formed the poles? This is a tempting hypothesis for those who are heedless of physical difficulties and the weight of authority; for such speculative geologists base their not unnatural conjectures, on the one hand, on the fact that plants of a temperate or even of a sub-tropical character are found fossilized in quantities in regions north of the Arctic circle; while, on the other hand, to persons imperfectly acquainted with the facts it seemed an easy way of accounting for extremes of cold in what are now temperate climates. But astronomers tell us that the poles of the solid earth have always been the same, and in default of better evidence we are bound to believe them. As far as the glacial epoch is concerned, no geologist will grudge them the rigidity of the assertion.

Another explanation of the glacial period may be sought in the well-known hypothesis of the gradual cooling of the earth from a state of fusion by heat. This hypothesis is partly held on astronomical grounds, and may be true in itself though it is impossible actually to prove it by any geological data. Nevertheless it has long been a favourite, both with men styling themselves plain geologists and with physical philosophers of a loftier flight. Among the former, many sane men long held that the radiation of internal heat produced a universal tropical climate from the earliest palæozoic times down at least to the end of the middle tertiary epoch. In one respect the consideration of the subject has this immense advantage, that, in the beginning, dealing with "the far backward and abyss of time," long before geological history as expressed by the rocks began, the theorizer escapes from the region of hard facts that can be handled, and is apt to build up a scientific castle in the air based on assumptions

containing an element of uncertainty. When, at length, they descend to the ground and have to grapple with the serial yet fragmentary story told by the various metamorphic and stratified formations, so differently do they solve the question of the cooling of the earth by radiation and the effect of this radiation on climate, that one distinguished mathematician, the Rev. Professor Haughton, requires one thousand two hundred and eighty millions of years to have elapsed from the time in which the earth had cooled sufficiently to support the earliest life down to the epoch of those tertiary strata called the London clay, when the temperature in our area is supposed by some to have been 77° F. Pondering over these numbers, certain considerations suggest themselves to the mind of the speculative geologist, which, however, it is not our present business to discuss. First, how long a period elapsed from the time when our planet first consolidated from a state of fusion by heat to the epoch when, having cooled to 122° F. or a little under, the earth was fitted for the habitation of animals? Secondly, if it took 1,280,000,000 years for the earth to cool from 122° F. to 77° for our area, how long a time elapsed between the period of the London clay and the glacial period, or indeed of the epoch in which we live, the mean annual temperature of which, for part of England, according to Dove, is about 50° F.? In other words, if it took 1,280,000,000 years to get rid of 45° , how long did it take to get rid of 27° of heat since the period of the London clay? Or if, as some people believe, this country endured a Greenland climate during the "glacial epoch," how many millions of years passed away during the cooling process between 77° and 23° , involving a reduction of temperature of 54° F.? Making every allowance for various rates of cooling during the later and earlier stages of refrigeration of a globe like the earth, one cannot help wondering what calculations like Professor Haughton's would say to the number of years that have passed since the days when the London clay was formed, and whether the physicist would find them at all comparable to a half or a third part of the time that passed between, say, the London clay and the Laurentian limestone, which at present are the oldest known fossiliferous rocks in the world. Common stratigraphical and zoological considerations would say that the latter time comparatively must be represented by a mere fractional proportion of the former, for one reason among many—that, to say nothing of the thickness of strata and stratigraphical breaks, it is easy to count seventeen serial marine faunas characteristic of palæozoic and mesozoic (secondary) times, far more diverse in species than the three or four that mark the tertiary strata.

Another physical philosopher of well-deserved repute attempts roughly to estimate the years that have elapsed between the time when the globe was in an incandescent state and the present day, and we are, first, startled to find that his calculations range between twenty millions and four hundred millions of years, inclining however to ninety-eight millions of years as a probable estimate. Here, then, Professor Thompson, reasoning on the cooling of the globe for the whole time since its incandescence, allows less time than Professor Haughton requires for a part by one thousand one hundred and eighty-two millions of years. Reflecting on these things, geologists for the present may well be puzzled which hypothesis to choose; and though a beginning for such calculations must be made some time or other, without casting any discredit on the scientific acumen of the propounders of the theories, geologists may be pardoned if they decline to attach much value to these calculations, in so far as they affect the *known* rocks that form the crust of the earth. Further, they may be excused for suspecting, and even for asserting, as some have begun to do, that in all the geological time of which these rocks and their fossils afford any evidence, there is no proof that the internal heat of the earth has ever seriously affected external climate. But on this question, especially as it touches on the glacial epoch, we purpose to enter again.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1864.

(First Notice.)

ONE'S first impulse, when the Trafalgar Square doors open and the chief pictorial harvest of the season displays itself to the crowd that rushes in, all eager and some anxious, is to compare at once this year's with last year's Exhibition. This impulse is so common that most of the journals which give a notice on the Saturday of the private view on the day before make the comparison in proper form. And it is natural that the verdict thus decided upon, with a crowd of fresh bright things before one, the eyes not yet satisfied with seeing, nor the ears dinned with the gossip of dinner-tables and drawing-rooms, should almost always be in favour of the show of the year. Rumour has also, during this winter, prepared us for a good gathering. It was likely that the Academicians, rather severely handled in the evidence given before the Commission and in the reviews of last year, would put forth their strength and justify their good places on the line; and, whether they should do so or not, the Exhibitions of 1862 and 1863 showed that there was a new rising school of younger artists determined to prove themselves fit for public honour, and to vindicate for English art that higher style and greater breadth of subject in which, it was felt, foreign artists had gained an advance upon our insular security. Nor must we omit to mention that the unusual excellence of the Water-Colour Exhibition which we last noticed appeared a good omen for the superiority of the

display in the grander and more permanent branches of Fine Art.

We are not going to dispute the fulfilment of the pleasant view which we were thus incited to take by anticipation, and which most of the oracles that have hitherto spoken appear to confirm. But it may be proper to point out, before beginning our survey, that the difficulties which seem to us to make the comparison between one Exhibition and another arduous, if not rash, after a first hasty and crowd-hampered view, do not much diminish even after frequent and careful explorations. This summer's thunder-storm, do what we may to gain an impartial or a scientific estimate of it, inevitably seems louder than last summer's; and the oldest inhabitant of the parish will always confirm this opinion. So the fine things of former Royal Academies have passed from our eyes, and are, perhaps, too often remembered through a mist of confusing and trivial criticisms, or the caricatures of woodcuts and had coloured copies in the popular illustrated papers. Meanwhile, the efforts which some three or four hundred hard-working men have been making, during a twelvemonth, to please and edify us, appeal for judgment rather on their own merits than by the way of comparison with standards no longer in view. At the most, without trying to weigh the harvest of 1864 against that of years immediately preceding, it may be safe to point out what appear to be cases of improvement, and to say that this Exhibition gives fair grounds of confidence, and just cause for pleasure, to those who watch the progress of English art with affectionate interest. There is, certainly, more soundness than greatness displayed. Some few men do not show the advance that had been hoped for. Some popularities are injuring the cause of art with the public, and some with the artist. Others, again—and we may here, not to the exclusion of names which we shall hereafter notice, specify Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Armitage, Mr. Marks, and Mr. Whistler—delight us with a marked step forward, even beyond former merit. And it may probably be said with truth that, if the painstaking study of minuter fact is not sufficiently represented, there is a greater attempt than heretofore to try fresh ground, and, especially, to escape into more varied and more intellectual regions from those easy vices of the English school—the pinafore and sentimental styles in figure-painting, and the cow-in-the-meadow and purling-brook style in landscape. These remarks refer, of course, to the oil-pictures. The water-colours, miniatures, chalk-drawings, and architectural designs shown are all rather lying in the cold shade from which, until the Academy is properly lodged, they are little likely to escape. And the sculpture-room not only exhibits an absence of good work which we believe to be unprecedented, at least for many years, but contains even more than usual evidence of the deplorable condition to which ignorant patronage and popular apathy have brought that noble art in England; whilst the fair and satisfactory arrangement which on the whole, though not without exceptions in landscape, marks the picture-gallery, is totally wanting in the department consigned, we presume, to Mr. Weekes.

On all this, more hereafter; *sine odio et affectu*, but with such plain-speaking as can alone render any attempt at criticism worth a moment's attention. But, before estimating our gains, a few words must be also given to our losses. Last year we prefaced this review with a short notice of what English art had been deprived of in the death of Mr. Egg. Having already, since 1864, begun, given some space to the subject, we need not here attempt to do the same for Dyce and Mulready. Without comparing these eminent men—whom Death, if he has not equalized, has withdrawn from the noise of human rivalries—we may at least add that they were not such as we could easily afford to spare, or expect to see soon replaced. We have not even the melancholy pleasure, which the Water-Colour Exhibition affords in the parallel case of William Hunt, of seeing any last expression of their art on the walls of the Academy. And with them we find the names of MacIise, Foley, Frith, Frost, Herbert—with those of Holman Hunt, F. M. Brown, W. Davis, Inchbold, and other good men and true, absent. Some of these artists have been engaged on public works. Some have, perhaps, not met with favour in the eyes of the Committee of Arrangement. Watts, Ward, and Gibson, again, whatever their respective abilities, are insufficiently represented; whilst Millais, though fully preserving the place which, for better and for worse, he has latterly taken, has reserved for another year his powers of astonishing us, and gives even the pleasure which he rarely fails to afford after a somewhat monotonous and superficial fashion. But we now turn to the long series of figure-painters, beginning with those whom, on different grounds, it is difficult to bring under any classification.

Amongst the half-dozen pictures here exhibited which we should be inclined to call great, looking either to their merits in thought or in execution, a fair claim for admittance may be made by Mr. Armitage's "Ahab and Jezebel." It is not, however, in the execution, technically speaking, that its excellence lies. The drawing, although accurate and refined much beyond English wont, and this on the life-size scale, has a slight air of Academical style; and the colouring, perhaps from the artist's frequent practice in fresco, or from his training in the great French school of mural decoration, wants power and richness. But the scene is dramatically conceived, and the expression is fine and unforced; the details are wrought out with correctness, yet without archeological pedantry, and the whole has that general air of style which is, unhappily, so uncommon in English art, that Mr. Armitage has been long vainly spending his great ability in the effort to gain fair recognition of his powers. Jezebel leans over Ahab, who is stretched on a long couch;

his face expresses indecision, but the reverted eye, like that of a vicious horse, has already conceived the set purpose of mischief, which he gathers from the promises of the wicked queen behind him. The action is powerful and skilfully imagined in itself; but the group would have gained in force had the two figures been brought into greater nearness. We do not think that modern artists, at least in England, sufficiently feel that two figures, in any dramatic scene, require in some degree to be treated like a group in marble, and that the concentration of lines may be here brought, with great advantage, under the laws which render it imperative in sculpture. We shall meet with Mr. Armitage again, and again highly to his credit, in portraiture. Let us here express a hope that some of our many liberal patrons of church architecture may select his pencil for mural decoration. There cannot be a greater error than the employment of a mere decorator in colour or stone, whether his style be the flowing or the angular, to give completeness to a building. Such work may, indeed, harmonize sufficiently with the commonplace design and borrowed details of a mere fashionable architect; but anything less thorough than the painting of Mr. Armitage is fatal to the effect of those amongst our modern churches which are marked by the noble feature of originality.

Mr. Watts, who by some of his works has put in a claim to rank amongst our decorative artists of the larger order, does not support it by the design which he now contributes. His allegorical group of "Time and Oblivion," although drawn in a large, if a somewhat loose and extravagant style, seems to us an utter failure in expressing its story, and is, besides, encumbered with accessories which suggest the direct antithesis of the sublime. Time, to whom youth, here given by Watts, has no greater propriety as an attribute than old age, appears to be dragging Oblivion along as his prisoner, and is about to plunge with her into a vast gilded semicircle, which may be taken, with equal probability, for the Sun or for Eternity. This Icarian flight is not explained or justified by the singularly inappropriate suggestion of the Academy Catalogue, that the group is "a design for Sculpture, to be executed in divers materials after the manner of Phidias," from whose severe and perfect art—except, indeed, that the lower limbs of Oblivion present a shadowy likeness to one of the Elgin fragments—it is in every way remote. As our best master in tender colouring and admirable delicacy of touch, Mr. Watts does his gifts better justice in the beautiful girl's head, named "Choosing" (395). Surely a work like this, with the many charming specimens in the same style which we have received from the artist, may be admitted as evidence in what direction his genius really lies, and will, at any rate, be preferred by all the world to his attempts in the "terribil via" of life-size allegory.

Perhaps the unusually interesting pictures which Mr. Leighton has sent suggest some lesson of a not dissimilar nature. He is, at least, most successful at present in work which, although far above mere ornamentation or sensuousness, yet is not of the strictly historical character. Such is that noble group—a youth at the harpsichord, watched by a girl with an intensity of gaze which we feel, but cannot see—felicitously named "Golden Hours," which will remind some spectators of those eight exquisite lines by Shelley which Mr. Savage Landor prefers to all the Elizabethan lyrics. Although labouring under a double disadvantage—that we do not see the girl's face, and do see the youth's, which is feeble and voluptuous—Mr. Leighton has thrown such an atmosphere of music over his picture, that it "vibrates in the memory" like Shelley's stanzas. We fear that the accomplished artist may not think it praise if this picture be preferred to his two other pieces. The "Orpheus and Eurydice," beautifully as Eurydice is drawn, and ably as the intended expression is given to the hero, strikes us, however, as not equal to the elevation of that wonderful legend. The human struggle and the human features are alone brought forward; it is, at least to us, rather a *mythe vivant* than the sublime agony from which, even in the late narrative of Virgil, all traces of the divinity of the actors have not disappeared. The smoothness of execution and academical, rather than natural, arrangement of the drapery to which, at one time, Mr. Leighton showed a leaning, are also rather prominent in this picture.

The "Dante in Exile," as a piece of refined and careful drawing (with some little mannerism, perhaps, in the proportions) and of well-studied attitude and character, finished to the best of the artist's manner, has little to fear from English rivalry. This subject was a noble one to attempt, and we are very glad that Mr. Leighton has had the courage to undertake it. Only we could wish he would take it up again, and then give us (as he assuredly might), not the mask of Dante placed on a stiff and unimpressive form, but the poet in his stern vitality. There are some skilfully-devised points of by-play as the poet passes from the palace steps amongst a crowd of courtiers and servants, and the veracity and interest of the scene is not impaired by the objection raised by some unpoetical critic, that the known facts of Dante's life do not afford a similar event. He must, however, have endured it; or how should those immortal lines, in which the very extremes of tenderness and of bitterness touch with almost overwhelming power, have been written by the most realistic of poets?

A foreign artist, M. Legros, may be lastly mentioned amongst the life-size figure-painters. His "Ex Voto," a lady offering up prayers before a memorial tablet on the edge of a wood, with some religious women and a servant attending, has a look of reality and a powerful daylight effect which even the height at which the picture has been placed cannot efface. It is probable that, if nearer

to the eye, some feebleness in drawing and an over-naturalism of expression in some of the women would be found; and it was surely a mistake in art to use actual gold on the votive tablet. But the whole effect, as we have said, is striking, and the painter seems to have skilfully combined unity of feeling in his worshippers with diversity of attitude and expression, without overstepping the modesty of nature. We shall hope to see M. Legros again in a less unfavourable position.

REVIEWS.

MR. LEWES ON ARISTOTLE.*

IT is a task of no slight magnitude to set about a critical review of the philosophy of Aristotle under the searching light of modern physical discovery. The qualifications for such an undertaking are such as are not often to be found in combination in a single mind. The scholarship, the appreciation of statements, the logical analysis of reasoning, the grasp of physical knowledge, and, above all, the temper of candid, unbiassed devotion to truth—any one of which singly ought to constitute its possessor a man of more than ordinary mark—must, in this instance, cohere and blend in a manner and to a degree altogether rare and exceptional. Of living writers, it might be difficult to name one who has, by his published works, shown himself more competently qualified in these combined respects than Mr. George Henry Lewes. The broad and impartial survey of the whole field of Greek intellect which he has taken in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*, the mastery of the subtlest processes of modern thought manifested in his *Life of Goethe*, and his familiarity with the facts of nature gained by earnest study combined with acute observation of his own, sufficiently point him out as fitted to supply a hitherto unwritten chapter of the history of classical philosophy. The mode in which he has discharged the task will, we think, justify that expectation. Though forming but the first portion of a more extended whole—the writer's mind taking in the idea of a general outline of the origin and growth or "embryology" of science, an "exposition of the great *momenta* in scientific development"—the work before us has still sufficient completeness to stand alone as a monograph of singular value upon the particular subject of which it treats.

Innumerable and exhaustive as are the works devoted to Aristotle's moral and metaphysical discourses, his scientific writings have remained for twenty centuries without any full and accurate attempt at elucidation. In England at this day they are still all but unknown. With the exception of the treatise *On the Soul* and the *History of Animals*, rare indeed are any attempts at more than casual and second-hand citations, or vague and often misdirected eulogies. The absence of translations may be viewed as at once a sign and a cause of this neglect. Passing by the translation of Aristotle's entire works by Taylor as practically non-existent—owing partly to the extreme rarity of copies, partly to the translator's ignorance of natural science—the two treatises just mentioned have alone, out of the fifteen which make up the entire class, appeared in an English dress. Nor would translations of themselves, as Mr. Lewes justly observes, be of much help to the ordinary student, unless illuminated by an ample commentary, such as should place him at the necessary point of view for appreciating these ancient monuments of scientific labour. Such a point of view, so far as the scope and limits of the work permit, it is the object of the present essay to supply.

The glamour of a great name may be still said, in a sort, so to surround the authority of The Master as to make a candid criticism of his achievements a task to be shrunk from as invidious or profane. The study of his philosophy has, even to this day, been approached, in our universities and great schools, rather in the spirit of the neophyte before the shrine of the oracle than in that of the inquirer scrutinizing the utterances and testing the metal of the idol. "His influence has only been exceeded by that of the great founders of religions." A reaction, indeed, set in with the mighty flood of independent inquiry before which established beliefs of every kind at once tottered and reeled. "When the Arabs kill a lion," is Mr. Lewes's forcible figure, "their released terror vents itself in insults on the harmless corpse; they kick, and spit upon, and apostrophize the helpless image of their former dread. It was thus with the great lion of Stagira." Audacious rebels against the authority of the Schools, like Ramus and Nizolius, Telesio and Giordano Bruno, attacked the reputed master of scholasticism with a virulence which is now amusing, but which also serves to indicate how little they knew of the real writings of Aristotle, as contrasted with the body of loose traditional dogmatism which had grown up under the shadow of his name. With the close of the last century came a backward swing of the pendulum of opinion. The reaction began in Germany. Not only did Lessing revive attention to the excellences of Aristotle's philosophy of art, and Hegel and Kant re-establish his authority at the head of the formal sciences of logic and dialectics—supported by the powerful aid of Sir W. Hamilton in this country, by Rosmini in Italy, and by Michelet in France—but the works on physics and natural history began once more to attract the reverence of students. In the histories of Fülleborn, Böhle,

* *Aristotle*. By George Henry Lewes. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

Tennemann, and Ritter he was made to resume once more his legitimate position. In the departments of physiology and biology he has even been set up again as a thinker, not only of vast depth and power, but of prophetic and perennial worth—not only great in his own time, but as anticipating the truths of all time. By men of no less weight than Cuvier, De Blainville, Johannes Müller, and the St. Hilaire, his scientific writings have been spoken of as being even on a level with the actual science of our day; and to him has specifically been assigned the credit of having anticipated some of the most curious results of modern observation and research. In holding the balance firmly, and without bias, between these opposite extremes of past neglect and modern deification, lies the delicacy of the task which Mr. Lewes has now taken in hand.

The first point seized upon in Mr. Lewes's survey of the present position of Aristotle in the field of opinion is the highly significant one that, among his modern eulogists, though there will be found many a biologist, politician, or metaphysician, there is no astronomer, no physicist, no chemist. In other words, "in those sciences which have advanced to the positive stage, and in which the rigour of proof reduces Authority to its just position, his opinions are altogether disregarded; whereas in those sciences in which, from their complexity and immaturity, the influence of authority and the delusive promises of the subjective method still gain acceptance, his *dicta* are cited as those of a puissant investigator." From the nature of things it could not indeed be otherwise. Those sciences which depend upon experiment and observation are attended by a condition, in the mere article of time, which precludes their attaining, in the hands of any single individual, the completeness and the precision of truths elaborated *a priori* by simple analysis of ideas. There is no reason, short of the mere want of mental power, why the whole range of pure mathematics now embraced by the most advanced student should not have been wrought out, from the first rudimentary conceptions of form and number, by the force of a single intellect. But no power of intellect, within the longest compass of a lifetime, could by possibility have sufficed to accumulate, analyse, and put into scientific order the mass of minute detached facts on which has been built up even the least complex of the physical sciences. In both departments the element of pure intellect involved is perhaps equally great; but the proportion which the mental force holds to what we have called the element of time—i. e. the accumulation of historical or material data—differs, in the two cases, in almost infinite measure. To take the analogy of mechanical force, an expenditure of time represented by the lives of ever so many working intellects is absolutely required in order to raise the sum of human knowledge but a single degree in elevation. In the abstract sciences, the mind takes, as it were, the muscular spring of the animal—the instantaneous effort in which there is no conscious sense of time or of motor influence. All philosophy emerged, in the outset, out of simple knowledge, and the highest science is but a sublimation of this primary intelligence. The two differ not so much in kind as in degree. Whether the restless activity of the mind in all ages is to issue in sound or unsound conclusions—whether, that is, the first awakened intelligence shall develop into Science, or grow up into monstrous and erroneous shapes—depends upon the nature of the Method employed. And most frequently the true method is only discovered after the failure of almost every other, or at least is only practised with fidelity and care when the barrenness of other attempts has been emphatically felt. Since the brilliant generalization of Comte, it has been customary to distinguish the three stages in the advancement of learning as the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive; or those in which the agency at work has been conceived either as a divine person, or an essential property (both outlying agencies as regards phenomena), or, thirdly, as involved in the phenomenon itself. It has been commonly held to be the peculiar glory of our century—even of our generation—to have achieved the final stage of studying phenomena in themselves, apart from all theories of exterior agency or causation. But it can be proved beyond doubt, without insisting at present on the degree in which the method was acted on by those philosophers themselves, that this great revolution in thought began with the Greeks. "A fortunate union of temperament with culture enabled this wonderful people to range through nature in pursuit of the true relations of things, without perplexing themselves by fictions imagined respecting outlying agencies, essentially mysterious." And if to the Greek nation is thus due the claim to be held the originators of science, strictly so called, it is to Aristotle in particular that the merit belongs of introducing the scientific epoch by the rule which he laid down, in opposition to the more ideal school of Plato, of fixing the relations of things objectively, and detecting the causes of all changes as inherent in the things themselves.

There was little sympathy, on the part of a nation or a school like this, with that sense of the infinite which has given other nations their characteristic intellectual or spiritual grandeur. This is indeed the weak point visible in the art of the Greeks—"an art matchless in clearness and proportion, in the beauty of arrested lines, and the repose of symmetrical simplicity, but having none of those finer issues which escape into the sublimity of Christian art. Greek art is a lute, not an organ."

Aristotle [proceeds Mr. Lewes] is a striking illustration of this excellence and this defect. He seems utterly destitute of any sense of the Ineffable. There is no quality more noticeable in him than his unhesitating confidence in the adequacy of the human mind to comprehend the universe; a quality obviously

connected with the defect just mentioned. He never seems to be visited by misgivings as to the compass of human faculty, because his unhesitating mind is destitute of awe. He has no abiding consciousness of the fact deeply impressed on other minds, that the circle of the Knowable is extremely limited; and that beyond it lies a vast mystery, dimly recognised as lying there, but also recognised as impenetrable. Hence the existence of evil is no perplexity to his soul; it is accepted as a simple fact. Instead of being troubled by it, saddened by it, he quietly explains it as the consequence of Nature not having correctly written her meaning. This mystery which has darkened so many sensitive meditative minds with anguish, he considered to be only bad orthography.

The free, independent spirit which the Greek brought to the study of nature led to the systematic introduction of that element of scepticism without which research would be vain, and a true method impossible. If observation and reason, not traditional dogmas, were to be the guides in investigation, those guides, being fallible, must be kept under perpetual vigilance. "Men who desire to learn," said Aristotle, "must first learn to doubt, for science is only the solution of doubts." The true spirit of scientific study having been thus early imbibed by this great philosopher, and the inductive method laid down by him with a clearness absolutely unsurpassed down to the present day, how comes it, it may well be asked, that so little progress was achieved by him or his followers in the knowledge of physical laws? "For it cannot be denied that, splendid as was the genius of the Greeks and Romans, and powerfully as in art, literature, and philosophy they have legislated for the world, in point of strict science they are without authority." The causes of this failure on the part of Aristotle—separating him for awhile from his professing followers, the Schoolmen, who copied simply the errors, not the merits, of his system—are ably drawn out by Mr. Lewes. It was not that the Stagirite, according to the shallow criticism of Playfair, was completely neglectful of "observation and experiment," while showing an undue "fondness for abstract reasoning." Aristotle, on the contrary, did observe and did make experiments, as his writings abundantly testify. The real defect lay in the impossibility, at that early period, of following up in practice a method theoretically right. Brought almost suddenly, so to say, in face of the great problems of the universe, the mind was thrown by necessity far too much upon its own interior resources. Not only were many minds too impatient, and too much bent on a solution at all hazards, to wait for proof and verification, but even the calmer few could not but betake themselves in too many cases to the subjective method, just because the objective method *could* not then have been constantly applied. There was then no stored up material of past research to form the basis of extensive discovery. The division of the sciences had not yet enabled separate observers to work out each his allotted section of labour. Above all, those instruments which are at once the products of advanced science and the stimulus to scientific progress in a geometrical ratio were out of the question. We have thus to appreciate the influence of two causes—the "methodological" and the "historical." Nearer to the point may be thought the explanation of Dr. Whewell, that "though the ancients had in their possession facts and ideas, yet the ideas were not distinct and appropriate to the facts." Yet what is this but to express a truism, while merely stating that the facts *were* wrongly interpreted, not *why* they were so? The real cause of failure was the imperfect condition of knowledge. The "appropriateness of the ideas to the facts" is that, in truth, which is brought into distinctness only by the very progress of discovery, and cannot be ascertained until some definite progress has been achieved. "At no time was the right method wholly disregarded, but the predominance of the false method kept it in a state of feeble subjection." The theory of language, too, was at the same time little understood, and nations familiar with no language but their own could hardly have been on their guard against verbal fallacies. Much of the dialectical vagaries of Aristotle may be due to his indulgence in this favourite mode of speculation. On the whole, the general defects of his philosophy cannot be better illustrated than by reference to the parallel example of Bacon. Where can we find more egregious specimens of departure from his own principles than in the mistakes and vulgar errors which blot the pages of the great modern reformer of philosophy? Why, then, has Bacon been credited with that great reform, seeing that the cardinal principles of the Baconian philosophy were, as we have shown, very distinctly recognised by Aristotle? "The answer is simple. Bacon did not attack the method which Aristotle taught; indeed he was very imperfectly acquainted with it. He attacked the method which the followers of Aristotle practised."—

The further question may be raised, Why these followers practised a method so unlike the one their master taught? Because, unhappily, Aristotle himself had set them the example. He did so from the two causes already explained in our third chapter:—1. The initial weakness in his method—namely, the insufficient part assigned to verification; and 2. The inevitable immaturity of all scientific ideas at such an era; these made him depart from his own precepts, and led him a deluded captive through the labyrinths of metaphysical conjecture. It is to these causes that Bacon's failure must also be ascribed; for grandly as he traces the various streams of error to their sources, he is himself borne along by these very streams, whenever he quits the position of a critic, and attempts to investigate the order of nature for himself.

Aristotle's failure was inevitable. We have seen that, even on the supposition of his having mastered the true scientific method, he could not *continuously* have applied it in an epoch when the elementary laws had still to be discovered. The native impatience of the human mind disdains that fortitude of resignation which is implied in rejecting all but verified facts and verified conclusions, at an epoch when the means of verification are little understood.

Aristotle was thus practically, in spite of himself, a metaphysician in his study of physics. His great claim to our veneration is, that he established an "organon of science," although in his own hands it was, owing to circumstances, debarred from producing its legitimate fruits, and in the hands of his followers, who blindly fastened upon its weak points, it was perverted into the "despotic obstacle to all true research." In giving this as his general summary of the Aristotelian method, Mr. Lewes has, we think, done more justice to the great Stagirite than in the more special analysis which he proceeds to draw out of his separate treatises on physics. It is not merely that lovers of Aristotle would stipulate for a more generous treatment of their favourite author, but that they may in justice call for a more earnest attempt on the part of the modern critic to throw himself into the mind of the philosopher, and to realize the peculiar workings of the Greek intellect. In his zeal to uphold the dignity of recent science, Mr. Lewes seems sometimes to push so far his dread of "reading into" his author's statements ideas and discoveries of modern times as in effect to empty the language of the original of all essential meaning of its own. It is never easy, with the utmost industry and good faith, to render the subtle shades and turns of Greek thought by equivalent English idioms, and when the attempt is inspired by anything rather than a desire to make the most of an author's sense, the result is likely to be bald and inadequate. Nor is due allowance made by Mr. Lewes for the imperfect extent to which, in the state in which it has come down to us, the text of Aristotle is to be taken to convey the philosopher's own reasonings and conclusions. In the uncertainty which prevails as to what proportion of his writings we really possess, to what extent they represent his ultimate elaborated disquisitions, or may be regarded as the loose and fragmentary jottings set down for his own use—the *ὑπομνηματικά* of scholiasts and commentators—it is hardly strange that we meet with much that can justly be branded as false logic, loose and inconsecutive talk, or crude and baseless speculation. In testing, moreover, the accuracy of Aristotle's observations of fact, as in his *Natural History of Animals*, with the view of showing that "in no single instance, and under no legitimate extension of the term, can he be said to have made a discovery," it may be easy to soothe the complacency of modern knowledge by proving that every schoolboy has now in his books every point that Aristotle knew. But in the very instances cited, the verification of the old Greek's statement has often been so recent that, if announced but a generation ago, it would only not have been hailed as a "discovery" because it would have been decried as an absurdity. The existence of placental fishes, indisputably proclaimed by Aristotle in the case of one of the cartilaginous tribe (*Mustelus*), even though the particular fish named by him may not be yet identified, calls for something more than the hesitating concession that "Aristotle may have rightly guessed," or that, "though many of the statements to be found in Aristotle are notoriously inaccurate, yet in all those cases not proved to be wrong it would be prudent to assume the possibility of their being right." When, again, we find the statement that "molluscs (*μαλάκια*) have a brain," it is but a petty triumph to trump the approving admiration of Cuvier at a discovery which has only been verified in our day with the remark that "the masses which Aristotle and Cuvier call the 'brain,' are, by modern anatomists, recognised as only 'cephalic ganglia,' and cannot be considered as homologous with cerebrum and cerebellum." On the subject of bees, particularly in reference to the question of Parthenogenesis, the accurate knowledge of Aristotle has generally been cited with astonishment. Because, however, "this could never have been known until certain delicate anatomical and physiological researches had furnished an assured basis"—and we must take for granted that the technical processes of the modern schools were not to be gone through in Greece—we must "*à priori* reject the idea of Aristotle's having known it." When, too, we find that recent experimentalists declare him wrong in sundry finer particulars, and that he himself pushed his theory to the point of denying any mode of external impregnation at all, we are told to conclude that "he knew nothing of Parthenogenesis as an exceptional process," and that "all he knew upon the subject was derived from the loose observation of bee-keepers."

Through the whole tenor of his criticism upon Aristotle's physical and cosmical knowledge, there is apparent, on Mr. Lewes's part, too much of the prevalent tendency to assume that knowledge has now at length attained its positive and final stage, that a generation so enlightened as our own can afford to look down with pitying scorn upon the tentative struggles and failures of its predecessors, and that no such Nemesis can by possibility overtake the boasted discoveries and conclusions of our day. This form of fallacy, common to all ages, is especially characteristic of a generation which moves smoothly along the track of physical experiment, and in which those broader problems which expand science into philosophy lie open but to the few. When our modern speculators get themselves off the firm footing of experimental fact into the deep water of transcendental thought—into questions such as those of Mind, Being, Motion, Sensation, and the like—they are soon as obviously out of their depth as their predecessors of twenty centuries ago. When we find even so acute a critic as Aristotle's present commentator so off his guard as to talk of "ultimate facts in science," and of arriving at "fixed points" in space as a measure of physical motion, we begin to fear that the examples here exhibited of great minds of old floundering among the quicksands of hypothesis, and of a "gigantic

intellect struggling along a hopeless path," have fallen short of their intended moral. Recalling the strife of words which has arisen within a few years on points like that of the moon's axial motion—which the clear intellect of the Greek would have seen through at a glance, by reference to the mere analysis of the conception of motion itself—or the helpless confusion which our so-called men of science betray when pressed upon the definition of Species, we may well humble ourselves in anticipation of the judgment which some critic of a still more "positive school" may pronounce a century hence upon the science of this generation. Mr. Lewes's own definition of Life may itself, after not many years, be taken to point a moral as to the imprudence, to say the least, of assuming the finality of modern as contrasted with ancient formulas of nature, as well as that of substituting for a single natural idea which defies analysis—like that of Life, Soul, or Mind—a number of hypothetical bases, each infinitely more complex and abstract than the original. Since, however, he abstains in the present work from bringing forward against the simple analysis of Aristotle his own complicated formula of the "series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity," we cannot be sure that he still prefers it to the less circuitous and artificial method of the Greek, who is for starting from the simple idea of Life itself as that which becomes only more complex and obscure by definition. Instead of conceiving Life as one of the manifestations of Mind, Aristotle taught the precise converse—namely, that "Mind is only the highest development of Life." On this subject of biology it may even be that the earliest teacher has still some lessons of wisdom to read to the latest. And we are glad to see that, after doing so much—no doubt with a painful sense of conscientiousness—in disparagement of the great philosopher, Mr. Lewes dismisses the chapter upon "Life and Mind" with the just remark that "here Aristotle stands at the point of view now generally occupied by the most advanced thinkers."

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.*

MR. TROLLOPE has achieved another great success in his own peculiar line. It may not be the highest of all possible lines, but it is a very pleasant one, and suffices to show the great powers of the author. If the inner feelings of young ladies and young gentlemen are to be described as they display themselves in the bosom of comfortable and respectable English families, it would be impossible to describe them better than Mr. Trollope does. He sees a section of English life, and paints it with unerring truth, tact, and liveliness. Given a young lady and a young gentleman neither too high nor too low in the world, he can put down on paper what they would be likely to do if circumstances connected them in the ties of a close intimacy; and he can fill in all their belongings, their papas and mammas, their superiors and inferiors, their servants, dependents, and friends. He can do, in fact, what Miss Austen did, only that he does it in the modern style, with far more detail and far more analysis of character, although, perhaps, with less of lightness of touch and gentle pervading wit. In his new story he has hit on a happy idea. He has found a new subject. A girl jilted in a natural, easy way, with no worse result to herself than that she is not married, and with no worse result to the perfidious lover than that he is tied to a dreary stick of a wife from whom he is only too glad to separate six weeks after marriage, is, so far as we know, a new basis for the action of a novel. It is impossible to praise too highly the skill with which this sad history of jilting is told. Crosbie is one of Mr. Trollope's masterpieces—he behaves with such admirable consistency, and is so exactly the sort of man who would court and deserve the fate that overtakes him. The reader throughout is candidly told what a mean, hesitating, cowardly, gentlemanly snob he is. And yet he is the very personification of the cleverish, good-looking, shallow, popular man, rising in the world up to a certain point, but with nothing more than social cleverness in him, of whom London, as every great city, presents so very many examples. His young lady partly sees through him, but, not having been in love before, and being of an earnest and romantic nature, she gives herself up to the passion he offers her, and pours out her soul in tenderness for the man whom she has to try hard not to despise in order that she may love him as much as she wishes. Perhaps he is too empty and hollow for the reader to have the proper amount of hope in him at the outset. But he is by no means a man whose counterpart in real life would be unlikely to awaken the devotion of an ardent, affectionate girl. All devotion is rather the fruit of the mental gifts of the adorer than the desert of the adored. Nor ought we to overrate the young woman herself. Mr. Trollope is so true to life that he never takes for his heroine a girl who would be thought superior in any way. The usual young lady of *Punch*—the girl in a pork-pie hat and her hair in a bag—is the sort of girl whom he likes describing; and it is quite true that such girls may have deep feelings, and go through very interesting adventures, and make themselves the mark of much enlightened gossip.

Then, again, he can group together sets of people in no way remarkable, with no exaggerated peculiarities, with no strong or unusual character, with no great claim on our admiration, and yet can make them distinct, natural, and consistent. All the minor

* *The Small House at Allington*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

characters grouped round Lily Dale strike us as excellent, and yet not one of them is in the least superior, or in any way more interesting than the average of people. She has, for instance, a mother and a sister. Mrs. Dale is nothing more than the common sort of kind, gentle woman apt to take affront, guided by her daughters, a little overcome by their superior energy and vivacity, and yet able to think and in some measure to plan for them. Bell Dale is rather a disagreeable young person than otherwise—very composed, reasonable, and affectionate, and yet with a certain strength of character and with a power of pleasing which is judiciously ascribed to her uniting good looks with a turn for silence, because, as a matter of fact, pretty girls who hold their tongues are often made love to, and awake a tenderer passion than perhaps they deserve. The Squire of Allington is even better. Mr. Trollope is able not only to conceive the character of an elderly man who is very disagreeable in manner but has some warmth of heart, but he is able to see how such a man would treat, and be treated by, his relations. The very success which Mr. Trollope achieves in efforts of this kind sometimes provokes a slight impatience on the part of his readers. They are charmed by such a contrast as that presented to them in Squire Dale. They see that the basis of his character, the union of a melancholy gruffness with softness of heart under the heavier distresses of life, is exactly what makes him at once a distinct and a natural person, but they hardly like that this contrast should be followed out to its probable results. Such a man is likely to have little quarrels with his relations, for the precise reason that he is not understood. Nor does he deserve that his occasional and intermittent tenderness should alone be remembered, and his ungenial unsympathetic ways be altogether forgotten. Perhaps, if his lady relations were very wise, noble-hearted, superior people, they might see his good points, and let his bad points fade out of their view. But men cannot reckon on such relations as these. They are tolerably fortunate if they have such relations as Mrs. Dale and her daughters—ordinary people with ordinary faults, but with right principles, and with a fair share of what is graceful in thought and looks. Such ladies, however, would be very apt to treat the Squire as the ladies of the *Small House* treated him—take a little offence at his ways, and then think better of it, and determine to put their pride in their pocket and be good friends again. Mr. Trollope sees this, and what he sees he describes.

In the same way, objections might be made to Lily. It might be said that she allowed herself to love a trifling, foolish man very quickly and very deeply, that she makes love to him much more than he makes love to her, and that, when she finds out how he behaves to her, she does not get cured soon enough of an unworthy affection. At the end of the story she tells her mother that she cannot forget what has passed, that she remembers her love, all the outpoured confidence of her soul, all the caresses she has given and received, and that she feels bound to a man with whom she has been so intimate, and cannot forget him because he has forgotten her. She quite overcomes her mother, who is silenced, and does not attempt to reason with her. The same class of readers who wish to have the Squire at once harsh and tender, and at the same time to let him avoid the family differences to which his character gives rise, wish also that Lily Dale should have been corrected in this matter. They say that girls do, as a matter of fact, forget worthless men sooner or later, and that Mrs. Dale should have explained to her daughter that it was nonsense to attach so much importance to the remembrances of the effusions of her virgin affection, when she might know that before long her love for a man like Crosbie must grow faint. This, it is supposed, a judicious mother ought to have said, and then Lily would have been rebuked for her nonsense, and the reader would not have been led to imagine that Mr. Trollope himself thinks it right that a girl should vow a sort of romantic and eternal fidelity to a married man. The whole question of how novels ought to be written is raised by this objection. Is the novelist bound, after he has invented characters, to give them a twist, so as to produce the proper judicious moral effect? Many English novelists have answered in the affirmative, and some foreign critics, in their haste, do not hesitate to say that English novelists as a rule do this, and that character and probability are always sacrificed to the moral. Mr. Trollope, at any rate, works in a different way, and it must be owned that the result is interesting, even if it is faulty from the point of view of complete edification. He would doubtless ask his censors whether Lily Dale behaves in a consistent and natural way—whether it is likely or not that a girl, if of a romantic and earnest character, should have received an impression from the interchange of affection with her first lover which is not perhaps to be found in those excellent young women who, in a praiseworthy way, if they are jilted, transfer their innocent tenderness at the proper time from the naughty man who has been found out, to the new good man who has not been found out. And if this were conceded him, he might further ask whether it was more natural that a weakish, loving, ordinary sort of person, like Mrs. Dale, should have been overawed by the vehement feeling of her daughter, or should have received it with the calm superiority befitting a judicious mother, and cleared up the young woman's position to her in a logical and sensible manner.

Mr. Trollope repeats in this tale all the faults and hobbies that usually mark his works. The faults are small, and the hobbies permissible, but still they are principally to be defended on the ground that even the best book cannot be good throughout. Once more Mr. Trollope amuses himself with breaking the thread of the

story in order to introduce episodes connected with the characters of his former novels. This is all very good fun for him, but it is very poor fun for his readers. Having invented Mr. Harding, and Archdeacon Grantley, and Lady Dumbello, he naturally likes to recur to them, and to imagine what they would do under certain imaginary circumstances. It appears to have struck him that there would be something very droll in fancying Lady Dumbello being made love to by a man as hollow and proper and frigid as herself; and in order that he may have the gratification of working out this idea, all the story connected with the Dales and Crosbie stops, and we have a dreary passage about the loves of Lady Dumbello and a certain Mr. Palliser. Mr. Trollope also indulges in his customary pleasure of introducing scenes of that degree of low life which is scarcely to be distinguished from the shabby genteel. The woes and difficulties of a fifth or tenth-rate London boarding-house furnish him this time with his theme, and we must own that all this boarding-house part seems to us equally vulgar and dull. It may be an accurate picture of the life led in the class which Mr. Trollope undertakes to paint, but the picture is scarcely worth painting. The same power of amplification which seems so masterly when Mr. Trollope has to give the details of the history of the main characters only leads to wearisome minuteness when we have to wade through the sad pleasantries of Mrs. Roper's establishment. Mr. Trollope also sets a very bad example to other novelists in the frequency with which he has recourse to the petty trick of passing a judgment on his own fictitious personages as he goes along, in order that the story may thus seem to have an existence independent of its teller, and to form a subject on which he can speculate as on something outside himself. Mr. Trollope writes so easily and pleasantly that probably only those who have been annoyed by this little device in minor novelists would notice it in the *Small House at Allington*. Lastly, he has perhaps sacrificed the story a little in order to bring in his favourite hobby of the advisableness of young people marrying without being too careful as to their future income. The point has been discussed too frequently to make it necessary to enter on it here; but whether Mr. Trollope is right or wrong, he evidently likes to show his opinion, and to let his readers know that he is on the side of what they would call imprudence. Obviously, however, as he has the complete control of the characters and events of the story, he cannot prove much by ordering matters as he likes. An imaginary Bell may marry an imaginary Dr. Crofts with complete impunity, and, as we know this, we regret that so much trouble should be taken to demonstrate it.

The most, however, that these little blemishes do is to make a very excellent novel unequal in parts. Nowhere has Mr. Trollope shone more in those conversations which are his peculiar strength. He can write out the talk of people as no one else can. He does not hesitate to give himself the great trouble of recording in full what, at a given crisis, his characters might be supposed to say. Very often there are three or four whole pages entirely filled with conversation, and this conversation is never dull, or forced, or epigrammatic. Nor is it trivial. It seems to come from the people as if it were inevitable it should come, and yet it is all coloured with the peculiarities of each individual, and all seems good, sensible, apt talk in its way. When all is excellent, one example is as good as another; but perhaps, as a triumph over difficulties, we might select the conversation of Lord de Guest and Johnny Eames, when the Earl asks his young friend to meet Colonel Dale. There really is hardly any basis for talk at all. There is very little that any of them can say that can be made to affect the story, and all that can come under this head might be easily got into a page or two. Lord de Guest is not made to wander into subjects foreign to the main plot, or to call up anecdotes and reminiscences, and things of that sort. He and Johnny talk about Lily Dale, but they talk at once so fully and so naturally that it seems as if a real conversation were going on; while yet what they say has an interest, and we do not find ourselves getting tired of their confidences. This shows that Mr. Trollope has a great gift for novel-writing. But it also shows how industriously he has cultivated this gift. It must be very hard work going through the trouble of writing out all these conversations; but Mr. Trollope never spares himself any trouble, and certainly his painstaking has its reward.

PLUTOLOGY.*

WHATEVER may be the merits of our Colonial Empire, it is pretty certain that, as a rule, we get very little literature from it. Many important books have been written by Englishmen in obscure situations, and under considerable difficulties; but when an Englishman emigrates, he seems to give up all notion of literary distinction. He turns his mind to the prosecution of his own particular scheme for making money, and thinks of nothing else. It would almost appear as if the act of emigration were preceded by a mental renunciation of all connexion with the permanent moral and intellectual interests of mankind. There are some obvious reasons for this, but it certainly is matter of regret, and every real exception deserves to be heartily acknowledged and encouraged. Mr. Hearn's book on political economy, lately published under the

* *Plutology; or, the Theory of the Efforts to Satisfy Human Wants.* By William Edward Hearn, LL.D., Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of Melbourne. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

somewhat odd name of *Plutology*, certainly merits to be put into this category. It is a very good book, and was written and printed in Melbourne, where Mr. Hearn holds a professorship. It does not, however, betray its origin except in a few of its illustrations. As far as style and manner go, it might have been written in England. Probably the Australians have not yet had time to develop the national character which will, no doubt, distinguish them in the course of a few generations. At present they are nothing but English people living in a less agreeable climate than ours, and in a very different sort of country.

Mr. Hearn's book is a manual of political economy not differing very materially, as far as we can judge, from previous works on the same subject. It is called *Plutology* because the author is not exactly satisfied with any of the common definitions of political economy. Indeed, he complains that several of the greatest masters of the subject have treated it, not as a science the province of which can be defined, but as an art which may be applied to a great variety of different purposes. His object is to treat the subject more systematically, and accordingly he begins by fitting it out with a new name. He calls it *Plutology*, and conceives it as the "theory of the efforts to satisfy human wants." Our nature imposes upon us certain wants, *plus* the desire to satisfy them by efforts; but effort being by its nature disagreeable, we constantly try to economize it, either by diminishing its amount or by increasing its effects. This we do by four principal contrivances—namely, Capital, which is saving, Invention, Co-operation, and Exchange. These are all the means that a single family would require for the increase of its wealth, if it formed an isolated body; but, inasmuch as all families are comprehended in the State, a variety of further questions arise as to the manner in which that fact modifies the four processes of saving, inventing, co-operating, and exchanging. It does so by tacitly regulating the terms on which people co-operate, and by favouring many contrivances which powerfully contribute to the four chief ones. The institution of money, of fairs and markets, and the making of roads are instances. They are the voluntary aids given by society to the satisfaction of human wants. The compulsory processes of society—that is to say, its legislation—have also a great effect upon the growth of wealth. This effect may be either good or bad; it may be in the nature of an assistance, or of a disturbance, according to circumstances.

All these topics, and some others, Mr. Hearn discusses in their turn. He adds little, we think, to what has been already established by his predecessors; and it is not very obvious what advantage he has obtained by substituting an unfamiliar name for one which has been long in use, and is, on the whole, pretty well understood. The plan of his book may or may not be a little more symmetrical than the plans of some of its predecessors, but the substance of what he has to say is pretty much the same. It is, however, fair to observe that, in a subject like political economy, this must be the case. The broad outlines of the subject are as well established and as generally understood as those of almost any branch of human knowledge, and nothing remains to be done beyond gleaning, rearranging, and providing new and striking illustrations of well-known truths. Mr. Hearn has done this extremely well. His scheme, as may be seen by the foregoing account of it, is well imagined, and the book is so full of neat and well-chosen illustrations that it is far more amusing to read than such books commonly are. Mr. Hearn has apparently read widely in connexion with his subject, and his reading has supplied him with a great number of appropriate points. Numerous instances might be given of this, and a few will probably amuse our readers.

In speaking of the means of increasing the efficiency of labour, Mr. Hearn remarks that health has a money value—an obvious remark to any one who has ever been laid up when he wanted to sit at the receipt of custom. It appears, from an account of the deaths and cases of disease in Lancashire, that "every individual in Lancashire loses nineteen years of his life" by preventable disease, and every adult loses more than ten years, to say nothing of other losses incidentally connected with this main one. The result is that 5,000,000l. a year is absolutely wasted in that one county, and in that one way. The state of things is as if something like one-fifth part of the interest of the National Debt were annually expended in purchasing disease and death for that district. It has been said, we are told a little further on, that "if the prevalence of consumption alone could be reduced in England by one-half, or even by one-third, the service so rendered would greatly exceed in mere money value a sum equal to the interest of the National Debt." Such calculations as these are curious, though they are so often insisted on that it is impossible not to feel a certain degree of impatience of them; but, besides these, a number of curious facts are incidentally recorded by Mr. Hearn. In speaking, for instance, of the circumstances which determine the extent of capital, he insists upon the principle that all capital is in the nature of savings, and that the proportion between what is made and what is saved varies widely, and is determined to a great extent by moral causes. In illustration of this he tells us of the extraordinary rate of wages paid to particular classes of labouring men:—"In the iron trade it appears that the rail-rollers earn a rate of daily pay equal to that of lieutenant-colonels in Her Majesty's Foot Guards; shinglers, equal to that of majors of foot; and furnace-men, equal to that of lieutenants and adjutants." The subject of inventions is, of course, the fairland of political economy. There is no more limit to the wonders that may be told on such subjects than there was to the contents of the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. Still

satiety has not quite been produced by the glut of such achievements. We can still feel a languid satisfaction in learning that two women and a weighing-clerk can count 70,000,000 coins in a short time by an ingenious contrivance at the United States Mint, and that bleaching-powder does in an hour or two what the sun and air used to take eight months to effect in the way of whitening cloth.

Probably the most original speculation in Mr. Hearn's book relates to Mr. Ricardo's theory of rent—a theory which has been more keenly criticized than almost any other politico-economical proposition. As our readers are aware, that theory is that rent is the consideration which the tenant pays to the landlord for the use of a superior kind of soil, when in the course of events it has come to be worth while to cultivate soils of an inferior character. When there are but a few people in a country, it is worth while to cultivate only the most fertile lands—say those of which a given quantity will yield 50 quarters of wheat in the year. After a time, that land is all occupied, and you have to resort to land which will yield only 30 quarters. It will now be worth the while of a farmer to pay the value of 20 quarters a year as rent for land of the first quality, for when he has done so he will be in the same position as the man who pays no rent for land of the second quality. When land of the third quality, yielding 10 quarters, comes into cultivation, land of the second quality will bear a rent, and so on. It had long been observed that there were many facts which it was by no means easy to reconcile with this theory. It was a topic on which the late Mr. Jones, who was formerly a Professor at Haileybury, was fond of enlarging. It was noticed not very long ago, that the progress of colonization appeared to be in many instances in direct contradiction to Ricardo's theory. In many instances, the first land cultivated was not the richest but the poorest. "It was the sandy plains and pine barrens of Georgia, of Alabama, of Florida, and of Mississippi, that received the first emigrants. The first homes of Texas were built on the upland prairies; the first homes on the Mississippi River were placed on the high clays and the rocky bluffs which now form the poorest soil in the vicinity," &c. The experience of Canada and Australia is similar. The reason of this appears to be that the best land is generally the most expensive to clear and cultivate. Though at first sight this fact appears altogether opposed to Ricardo's rule, it is not so in fact; at least it shows only that the rule is too narrowly expressed. Put more generally, as Mr. Hearn truly observes, the facts just stated illustrate and confirm it. The less productive land is, under the circumstances of a new country, and for the purposes of new settlers, the best land; and no doubt the first possessor of such an advantage might sell that as well as anything else. Whatever he got for his advantage would be what Mr. Ricardo would describe as rent, and the amount of it would no doubt be measured by the difference between the convenience of the thing sold and the convenience of that by which it might be replaced.

The general impression which Mr. Hearn's book produces is certainly a pleasant one. As we come to understand the nature of human labour and its relation to human well-being, the conclusion which most powerfully strikes the mind is that, at present at all events, we are in a sort of infantine condition, and that the standard of wealth which may, and in process of time assuredly will, be reached is one of which at present we have no sort of conception. When we think of what invention and the organization of labour have already done, and of the comparatively short time during which they have been understood in any tolerable degree, there seems to be absolutely no limit to what they may ultimately be expected to do. It seems to be by no means idle to suppose that, after no great number of generations, the two great evils of chronic poverty and preventable disease may be very perceptibly diminished—so far diminished that a great amount of time would be available for pursuits not directly leading to the production of wealth. What the result of this would be is another question. It does not do to look at human society through a microscope. There certainly are a great number of comfortable people for whom it is difficult to feel much esteem, and the prospect of the indefinite multiplication of their breed is not elevating. Still, if mankind is taken for granted, the increase of human comfort must be considered to be a great advantage, and certainly books on political economy tend to show that nothing but the stupidity and tameness of the great mass of mankind prevent them from being as rich as they please.

EDWARD IRVING'S WORKS.*

THERE is a general prejudice against the written works of a man whose words were always uttered extempore, and no doubt the specimens with which we are most familiar justify the feeling. In the days of his Cheltenham autocracy, for instance, even the most fervent admirers of Dean Close *ried voce* wished heartily that he had been wiser than to print sermons which, in their new shape, reminded them only of the flat champagne that had been opened for yesterday's dinner-party. Dr. Cumming's discourses, again, deprived of the off-hand, business-like, almost bagman-like volubility of manner that makes them tolerable to a certain sort of persons in Crown Court, have lost whatever charm

* *The Collected Writings of Edward Irving*. In 5 vols. Edited by his Nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle, M.A. Vol. I. London: Strahan & Co. 1864.

they had when spoken, and are a sort of *hortus siccus* of dried vegetables. At the time, their show of freshness concealed their flabbiness; but, once printed and published, they remind the hearer of the sermon he heard preached about as pleasantly as the garbage of the neighbouring Covent Garden in the afternoon does of the bouquet he bought there in the early morning. But it is by no means always so. Cicero's speeches, we believe, were mostly spoken first, and written afterwards. The first "Catiline" must necessarily have been so; and yet few people would wish that it had perished. A thoughtful man—the Bishop of Fredericton, if we remember rightly—advises his clergy, after preaching a sermon, to sit down at once and re-write it; i.e. write the things which, while they were preaching, they felt they ought to have said. While it lasted, the *Mirror of Parliament* was more read than *Hansard*; because, while the latter sets forth what the unready M.P. really did say with the inconvenient veracity of a mental pillory, the former gave him an opportunity of putting in print what he meant to say, or what (after having been answered) he felt that he would have done better to say. The preacher has the advantage, if he will use it, of setting forth his extemporised addresses in this amended shape; and some few—notably Mr. Melville—have made the best of the opportunity. There is perhaps always an exuberance of diction and ornament inseparable from the habit of extemporization which is unfortunate. The finished *ad unguem* polish of Dr. Newman, and the almost statuesque grace of Dr. Manning, are perhaps unattainable on the spur of the moment. We are not sure that the former ever attempted it; the latter certainly does not attain it. Extemporisers break their sentences and make a hash of their ornamentation almost as daringly as the average M.P.; and, unluckily, the most striking *membra poetæ* are generally the most *disjecta*. They must evidently come in, however, somehow; and the man who last evening uttered the most magnificent phrase is the one who is the most sorely puzzled to fit it into the manuscript of to-morrow when perplexing friends have requested the publication of a discourse which was intended to exhale in the utterance. A speech of Lord Derby, and perhaps one of Mr. Gladstone or the Bishop of Oxford, could be printed as it was spoken without damage to the author; but this can be said of almost no other orators, lay or clerical.

Irving allowed himself the fullest latitude of revision, and often of reconstruction, in those of his writings which appeared during his lifetime. Something was spoken; it "took," and was vehemently applauded, or (not unfrequently) was vehemently assailed; and the sermon expanded straightway into an essay or a treatise. Wordiness was perhaps inevitable under the circumstances, and this the more so because he had a paternal sort of love for everything that he had once said, which made him unwilling to omit anything that had been spoken, even though it might take a page or two to set it forth in the attitude in which he meant it to appear. The process is now and then a little tedious, but it has the advantage of involving a painstaking and honourable fidelity to the *ipsissima verba* of what had once been uttered, especially in the passages which happened to have aroused controversy. Those who remember the sermons which have grown into the chief part of this volume will probably be the first to do justice to this exact conscientiousness. He never toned down a phrase, perhaps never even a fancy, on "second thoughts." Ο γήραος, γήραος was about the only sentence he would have been willing to borrow from Pontius Pilate. And this fidelity is the more valuable to us survivors, since in him, far more than in most men, writing and being were correlatives. He lived in what he said and wrote almost more than any other man; and, conversely, his writings were the transcript of his life, and generally arose out of its incidents. The letters to his wife, for instance, that make the most interesting part of Mrs. Oliphant's Life, are exact translations into personal experience of what he was preaching at the time. His words, more than those of almost any other modern speaker, were "life passed through the fire of thought." He said out of his inmost heart, and this it is that makes his writings read like a prolonged and ideal biography. It is, unluckily, a peculiarity shared by very few of our generation. We cannot even faintly imagine, e.g., Dr. Cumming living his books in the familiar and unstudied intercourse of man and wife, any more than we can fancy a sane man walking about his dining-room or nursery on stilts. If the average Stiggins lived his sermons, we shudder for his wife and family; if he preached his life, we shudder even more for his congregation. There is, in practical life, a happy and venial hypocrisy that saves both wife and congregation. Irving, almost alone among recent men, lived his sermons and preached his life. Very gladly, therefore, do we welcome the promise of these volumes. The first is, and the rest we fancy will be, the Edward Irving of Mrs. Oliphant's Life all over. It would have been a help had the Editor given us the exact dates of the treatises here presented, and the prefaces to each of them, as they appear in the first edition of the Life. Mrs. Oliphant herself is not superabundant in notices of his literary growth, and we are now and then a little at sea about the matter. The "Parable of the Sower," we take it, was by no means his earliest published work, though very possibly based on some of his earlier sermons; and, when a man's whole career is gathered up into some ten or twelve years, each differing widely from the past and the coming one, it is doubly tantalizing to suppose that earlier writings may yet be forthcoming.

Taking the order, however, to be chronological on some principle or other, and assigning these sermons, therefore, to the first years of his London ministry, we think no one

can read them without feeling that Mackintosh and Manning were right, and that the preacher had a veritable claim to make a rare sensation in an age when Sydney Smith's discourses on the advantages of a Divine Providence were the ideal of the popular sermon, and when a somewhat stolid man could make a profound impression by gravely reading somebody else's sermon, and—when he arrived at a passage he had marked for repetition—deliberately taking off his spectacles and repeating it from memory. Now-a-days, the teller of the story can afford to smile at it as "the only instance on record of the rhetorical use of spectacles;" but at the time when this species of rhetoric was possible, Irving must indeed have been a marvel. We do not by any means say that every sentence is grand, nor deny that there is much that, in less sustained oratory, might seem over-coloured and almost turgid. But it is really a thing worth studying to observe how constantly his adjectives, instead of being mere qualifications of their nouns, involve a wholly new thought; how carefully he restrains himself when vehemence seems on the edge of overstepping the sublime, with the proverbial result; how measured and almost subdued are the cadences of his perorations, after the exuberant flow of fancy or the strong tide of indignation that has been almost carrying him away—half-prophet, half-hierarch—for an hour or more; and how, amidst the rolling thunder of his speech and the fine energy of his gesture, the man was after all self-contained, and thoroughly knew what he was about. Neither he nor his readers ever lose themselves; though we fancy his hearers sometimes did—possibly because their thoughts ran on under the impulse he had given them, while his own were curbed, and stopped short in time. As a literary (and almost a dramatic) study, the "Parable of the Sower," and "the Book of Psalms," which form the chief part of the volume before us, have a singular value.

His "Notes on the Standards of the Church of Scotland" we postpone till we come to the time when the starched Presbyteries laid hold of a man whom they understood about as much as the inhabitants of Hans Andersen's farm-yard understood the swan that lay in embryo in the "ugly duck," and handled with about as much of outward sibilant and of internal discomfort as that with which the snakes in the fable manipulated the hedgehog. He was no prophet to them; they did their prophesying at home, and were entirely satisfied with it. He was only prickly and disagreeable—an offence all the more offensive because it was wholly unintelligible. He knew their "standards" better than they knew them themselves; only his were the creeds and formularies of the time when the Presbytery was a power, not a party—of the days when Knox pulled down the Papacy to build a sterner one with the old stones, not of those in which the Catechism of the Westminster Divines in the Abbey got its inspiration piecemeal from the politicians in the Parliament-House over the way.

One episode in Irving's life begins and ends within the time covered by this volume. And it had more to do with his whole future than any of the actors could have imagined. In 1824, after Irving had been a couple of years in London, the "London Missionary Society," consisting mainly of members of the Independent sect, requested him to preach their annual state sermon at the Tabernacle, a place possibly unknown to most of our readers. It is, or was, a queer, bulbous, misshapen abortion of brick and stucco, about half-way down Tottenham Court Road. Here, once a year, assembled a sort of Πανόριον of preachers and pan-twaddledom of tradespeople, to listen to the praises of their Society (i.e. themselves), and to depart amidst chinking of shillings and gulps of self-satisfaction at the great things they were doing for the conversion of the heathen. The experience of the Society, by-the-way, during some forty years since then, gives the unconcerned spectator a notion that this annual explosion of self-satisfaction has been a little premature, and the subsequent expenditure of cash a piece of spiritual prodigality. The only producible articles in their "line" (as the Committee would instinctively say) have been, we believe, a few good farmers who have settled themselves down very comfortably at the Cape, and poor Mr. Williams, who got eaten at Erromanga—not at all, if we remember, "for the testimony of the Gospel," or anything so magnificent, but because, owing probably to the absence of any distinguishing peculiarity of dress, he was mistaken for a sailor, and the natives happened to have vowed, in return for an insult offered by a British seaman, that they would eat the first sailor they could catch. Had the good man appeared in some sort of pontificals, we fancy he would have been received as civilly as the Bishop of New Zealand was very soon afterwards. His Lordship is, we understand, on excellent terms with these unconscious critics of clerical costume. Anyhow, Irving was bidden preach the Society's anniversary sermon. In his grand stupidity, he supposed they wanted a sermon about missionaries, and the missionary was his *beau-ideal* of the Christian; it had been the hope of his life to become one. He could tell them, perhaps better than any living man, what missionaries ought to be, how it came to pass that they were something very different from that, and what must be mended in the matter. He preached therefore, we need not add, with no "acceptance" whatever. He told them the truth, and told it at such length that he kept them for three hours and a half without their dinners. Worse still, he published his sermon—not "by request," we may be sure; and, worst of all, he dedicated the publication to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. So here it stands, dedication and all, ninety-seven pages at a stretch, a permanent memorial of all that a missionary ought to be, and all that the

average missionary is not. Just listen for a moment to his conclusion. After laying down a series of propositions which were alike unpalatable and incontrovertible, he proceeds:—

Upon these six counts I will risk the issue, and stand by the award of the question, whether Messiah's constitution was intended for an unchangeable constitution, or is to be patched and mended, helped and repaired, and accommodated by wiser heads to the changed condition of the world. Whether in this great work the Catholic Church is to act upon a common principle, and to be guided by a common law, or each sect of it to adopt a principle which may seem to it the most expedient, and follow a rule which may appear to it the most wise. Whether the churches which they may be honoured to plant are to have the character of the order that planteth them, like the Jesuit settlements of Paraguay, or to have the character of the primitive churches, which were of one heart and mind because the Apostles were obedient to the instructions of one common Lord. Whether, in fine, we are to open in the hearts of our missionaries inlets to every spirit of hypocrisy, avarice, and ambition, and close as many inlets to the Spirit of Truth; quenching by our prudences and policies the One Everlasting Spirit of God, and giving vent to as many spirits, crusading, Jesuitical, commercial, or political, as there are diverse ages in the Church; which are not, like the ages of the world, fourfold—of gold, of silver, of brass, of iron—but manifold, according to the degree of impurity and incompleteness in the doctrine which is preached, and the degree of laxity or lordliness in the discipline which is administered in the churches.

There is in this passage nothing more of exuberant thought or vigorous diction than is to be found, on almost every subject, in every page of the volume. There is a little redundancy, though one does not very well see what could have been omitted; and there is a very fair specimen of his consummate power of "reining-in" what might, a few sentences further, have become exaggeration, within the soberest bounds of simple fact. But one can well fancy what Mrs. Oliphant tells us—that "the wildest hubbub arose" among the astonished Tottenham-Court-Roadsters "after this extraordinary utterance." They wanted to be tempted into their subscriptions; he told them, very nearly, they were a pack of humbugs. They wanted to hear the praises of a sleek missionary and a committee of ten-pounders; he disinterred an Apostle, who set about his business without scrip or money, committee or missionary meeting. They came, in short, to lick their lips; he roundly boxed their ears. We need hardly say that he was never again asked to assist in this sort of greasy jubilation. But, unhappily, the *spreta injuria formæ* that sacked Troy, and sent Æneas wandering round the world when it only stirred the breast of Juno, is nothing to its venom when it swells the waistcoat of the spiritual tallow-chandler. This sermon was "the beginning of the end" for Irving, though it was preached when he had been only two years in London, and when the first stone of his church in Regent Square was not yet laid.

MARION.*

READERS who have followed the long series of letters from "Manhattan" which have enlivened the *Standard* (or was it the *Herald*?) during the course of the American war, may feel some curiosity as to the success of the writer in the new character of a novelist. Whatever amount of dubious credibility might attach to Manhattan's political statements and prophecies, there is no doubt that his correspondence from New York has achieved for itself not unjustly a certain sensational notoriety. But it is one thing to compose with a fluent pen a sketchy lively picture of the details of a great national crisis, lightened up and shaded down with flashes of rumour and darkness of doubt from the armies of the Potomac and the South-west, and another to write a novel that shall be found worth reading for its own sake. In the one case, the interest of the public in the subject of the letters was excited to a high pitch of sensibility before the letters were written; in the other, the skill of the writer has to create that interest as the plot of his fiction unfolds itself. Manhattan wrote his letters from New York at a time when any intelligent and impartial spectator in New York might very well be able to give readers on this side of the world a glimpse into the meaning of the great Transatlantic struggle which they could not gain here for themselves. Even a coloured and partial representation of actual facts at such a time is worth having. But when Manhattan soars away from the journalist's region of strict fact into the boundless space of professed fiction, he must satisfy his audience that the story he tells is a more or less true representation of a society which does exist, and also that, if tolerably true, it is a story worth the telling. It is not everybody who lives within a particular circle that can describe that circle truly; and it by no means follows that, because Manhattan may have been familiar with the manners and customs both of wealth and rowdiness in New York for years, he must know how to set them down on paper, or how to generalize his observations into an honest and valuable picture of American society.

If New York thirty years ago was what Manhattan describes it as having been, it was a very detestable place. The personages in *Marion* are supposed to circulate among, and to form part of, the best New York society of the day. They are units in what we have been accustomed to hear described as the Upper Ten Thousand—rich and substantial merchants of the first class, some of them with good English names and good English blood, aristocratic Southerners, gallant and good-looking Scotch colonels, genuine and handsome Polish counts in exile, talented and irresponsible Irishmen, and so on. The ladies are all beautiful, and usually under twenty years of age. But, whether Manhattan intends it or not, there is a general meanness running through almost everything

that everybody does. There is plenty of lovemaking, of a lawful, platonic, seductive, illicit, adulterous, and magdalenic character. There is not much murdering in the book. The gallant Scotch colonel, whose reputation as a terrible duellist reposes on his having, as a second, shown his principal how to aim fatally at his adversary's stomach, is knocked on the head by the irresponsible Irishman and robbed of a few dollars, and subsequently dies raving in the *delirium tremens* ward of the City Hospital. One of the substantial merchants has his spectacles driven into his eyes at the Opera by the fist of the brother of a lady he insults in the dress circle, and thereupon dies of inflammation of the brain, also in the City Hospital. His English partner is driven insane by the report of his son's being drowned, and finishes with the Bloomingdale lunatic asylum. Some people die of consumption; most of dissipation. The hero, Marion Monck, is left at the end of the third volume established, at the age of twenty-five, as a New York merchant "upon his own hook"; "ambitious, energetic, determined, and with a good share of commercial experience." An English everyday novel ends, as a matter of course, with the marriage of its hero or heroine; an English sensational novel probably winds up with the hard-won acquittal of its hero or heroine on a charge of murder; an American novel closes with what is solemnly called "the second of the four great epochs of a man's life"—when he can sit as a commission agent upon his own stool in his own counting-house, and "do a smashing business" with his own thirty thousand dollars. Where the British reader expects in the concluding pages a variation upon the stock theme—"Giulio looked into his bride's eyes, Isabella smiled happily"—American sentiment calculates to find the following:—

No young house ever started under more favourable auspices than Monck and Grasper; they had a sufficient cash capital, and thanks to the elder Grasper, who wrote to all his business correspondents in different parts of the States and in Europe, they formed commercial connexions of the strongest kind.

It is perhaps one of the meanest types of sensational bathos to be met with in the present day.

We have hinted at some of the manly pleasures which, in Manhattan's picture of New York life, run concurrently with the daily striving for commercial success and respectability. Gambling appears to be a prevailing weakness, but the universal one is liquoring up in a promiscuous way. When Marion (ætat. 20) called on his friend Colonel Macneil at the bar of a popular establishment crowded with unknown rowdies, "he seemed possessed of the attributes of manhood. He shook hands with the Colonel. There were many in that room, for it was the holiday season, and Marion asked all hands up to drink, and then he sat down by Macneil." The attributes of manhood in New York State, as far as can be gathered from this and many other passages of Manhattan's novel, consist, in a very large measure, in the readiness to offer a needless alcoholic hospitality to any promiscuous set of seedy scoundrels who may happen to be loafing round a bar at the same time as yourself.

The attributes of womanhood are of a corresponding order of hard and shallow frivolity. Every young lady in Manhattan's novel is a sad gossip, if she is no worse; outspoken on all scandalous subjects, indifferent to what she considers reasonable immoralities on the part of her male connexions, and easily consolable for anything in the world except actual poverty. One young lady only marries for love, almost too late to escape open disgrace. All the rest marry, like good girls, for money and to oblige their papas, throwing over their childish feelings and flirtations as easily and respectably as they could have done in wicked Old England. Bessy Nordheim (the wife of the substantial and dissolute merchant whose spectacles were ultimately knocked into his eyes for insulting a decent young lady in the dress circle at the Opera) falls, at sixteen, into a platonic attachment of the tenderest and most familiar order with Marion Monck, then not fifteen, whom she is seeing for the second time, as a new clerk in her husband's house. The ground on which from that day forth they embraced as brother and sister is to be found in the fact that she was a Charleston girl and he a South Carolina boy. In truth, says Manhattan, they were both children. But the childish young lady is quite *au fait* in the ways of the world, and ready to tell her platonic younger brother how Colonel Macneil made love to her before she had been three weeks married, and how cleverly she put him off, and what a dreadful gambler and seducer and duellist he is, and how he keeps a mistress in very good style, by whom he has two children, and so forth. After having detailed the Colonel's various iniquities, Manhattan's model young married lady finishes her gossip as follows:—

"By the way, Marion, I do not wish to prejudice you against Colonel Macneil. He is a great friend of both Mr. Granville and of my husband. He is a perfect man of the world, and when you are a few years older, it will be in his power to be of great service to you. I recommend you to cultivate an acquaintance with him, and receive any advances of a friendly nature on his part with cordiality."

"Thank you," said Marion, "I will not forget your advice."

As, indeed, it appears that he did not, from the scene at the liquor-bar where he seemed possessed of the attributes of manhood six years later. The same young wife (at seventeen) is equally free and easy in commenting to Marion on her husband's open adultery:—

She smiled. "Brother mine, I have known it all along. All I cared about was your learning what I already knew, and keeping it a secret from that you did know it. As for that girl, or Mr. Nordheim, I don't care the weight of a feather what they do. Did I love him, I might feel different. I married him to obtain two thousand dollars a year. It is settled upon me,

* *Marion*. By Manhattan. 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1864.

and as long as I act right it cannot be altered. Let him do as he pleases. Keep as many women as he pleases. Seduce as many girls as he chooses, or corrupt as many married women as he sees fit. It is none of my business so long as he don't sport them in my face, or bring them into my house. Now that perfect confidence is restored between you and me, I rather like the idea that Mr. Nordheim should have selected you to get books and language teachers for Miss Clara. It will be extremely funny for us to know how my moral husband progresses."

After drawing out this theory of the mutual duties and privileges of the nuptial contract as understood by the virtuous young married ladies of New York, it is rather unfair of Manhattan to talk with high-minded scorn of the worldliness of "English ideas of marriage." The daughter of Mr. Granville, the Americanized English merchant, is "a sweet little creature, ready to fall in love with anybody that there is a spark of romance about." Although only fourteen, she had had two lovers since she was twelve:—

One a West Point cadet, the other an unfledged midshipman; but her father, kind and gentle as he appeared, was a stern and despotic man in his own house, and fully imbued with the English ideas of marriage. He considered children as merely a means of extending connexions, and deemed it his duty to select a suitable husband for his daughter, and a proper match for his son, where settlements could be made on both sides. He detested cadets and midshipmen, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. He had his own views for Bell—

in which views, by the way, Bell entirely and contentedly concurred when it came to the point, notwithstanding the romantic sweetness of her nature. It may be an old-world prejudice to think that what is christened the "English idea" of marriage, when taken at its worst, is a bit better than the New York one; and that it is, after all, less degrading and brutalizing to a girl to be sold in obedience to her father's commands, for the extension of family connexions, than to act at sixteen as a merchant of herself "on her own hook." Mrs. Nordheim tells Marion the second time she sees him:—

"I was very poor, dependent upon my aunt, and I was tired of it. My aunt, like a good prudent woman as she is, before she consented—no, before she sold me, that is the right word—made Mr. Nordheim settle two thousand dollars a year upon me for life; and I feel independent, at least, if I don't love him."

There is something to "English ideas" perfectly sickening in the mixture of gushing childishness and hard businesslike cynicism in a girl who, on this side of the Atlantic, would have been still in the schoolroom. We are bound to say that Manhattan's Mrs. Nordheim did continue to "act right," and never forfeited her two thousand dollars a year; that, after the Opera scene, she visited her dying husband in the hospital daily, was present at his death, "pressed her lips to the dead man, and was then led out of the room"; also that the platonic attachment had long before then grown into a burning secret love to Marion. On hearing that Marion had fallen in love with Isabella Granville, as soon as the door closed behind her informant, "Mrs. Nordheim fell at full length upon the floor, and rolled in agony." On resuming her seat, "the tears silently poured down her cheeks, but after a few moments she descended to the basement, and gave orders to the servants as calmly as if her heart had never known aught but the most peaceful pulsations. Such is life!" Shortly afterwards, she as calmly gave her orders to the senior clerk in the counting-house of her late husband's firm to marry her, and with him lived happily on terms of mutual affection and respect ever afterwards. The oddest part about respectable American young ladies as described by Manhattan is the magnificently stern command they exercise over their tremendously strong feelings. It is ungracious to remark upon another peculiarity—that, without almost any exception, they speak bad grammar. The adventures and sentiments of the disreputable characters which fill a large proportion of Manhattan's volumes we will leave alone. Many touches in the book indicate that it is more or less of an autobiography. English readers will not care to know any particulars of the *demi-monde* of New York which may have fallen within the range of Manhattan's personal experience; and if the *monde* of New York which he describes is a fair type of the whole, English readers will not wait anxiously for the continuation of this novel which is promised them. We prefer to believe that there are New York circles in which Manhattan does not circulate, and which may be at once more sensitive and more reticent (in short, more modest) than those depicted in *Marion*.

A dedication, a niche in his story, and an elaborate puff in each of the three volumes, show that Manhattan's idol and ideal character in life is "James Gordon Bennett, Esq., proprietor and editor of the *New York Herald*, who has carved for himself a record in journalism that will last as long as newspapers are published." Mr. Bennett has not only achieved literary greatness for himself, but apparently has forced it upon the unwilling and diffident Manhattan. After Monck and Grasper had failed in business, the light of Marion's or Manhattan's genius was kindled into a steady flame by the criticism and patronage of the editor of the *New York Herald*. "One day you will be able to write a clever editorial, which is the highest style of composition known," said Mr. Bennett encouragingly. Many years ago, Mr. Bennett "asserted in the most positive manner" that Manhattan had qualifications that would give him marked success as a novelist. Manhattan has the best right to thank the man who has given him a more or less lucrative profession; but Manhattan's readers here may at least wish that the criticism had been mixed with the encouragement in so much stronger doses as to have spared them the dull and loathsome recital of New York's social meanness and immoralities.

DEAN ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

THIS work may be said substantially to be Dean Alford's well-known Greek Testament "done into English," i.e. with the English Authorized Version instead of Greek for the text, and with the Latin and Greek quotations and phrases, and the discussions upon them, rejected from the notes. In this way the first three Gospels—or, as the Dean prefers to call them, the "three first Gospels"—fill a volume of just over 450 pages, in nearly all of which occur numerous references in the outer margin, and not a few corrections of the English, arising from another reading of the Greek, or from another sense of it, which last find their place in the inferior margin between the text and the notes. Thus the book has thrown off the heavy lumber which, for ordinary readers, encumbered it. Yet we think it does not run light enough to suit the design of the learned editor, nor probably could it, considering how it was steeped in erudition in its first form, be modified so far as to come down to the non-learned standard. You cannot reduce heavy siege artillery to the flying field-pieces which astonish us at a Woolwich review by merely reducing the weight of the charge applied. You cannot cut down a cuirassier to a Cossack by any mere change of uniform or weapons; the man and horse remain intrinsically heavy. So here we find the ponderosity of the former Greek Testament, as it were, "in undress" merely. The present work is far too well done to be useless, but it will find a circle of readers very different from the average educated layman who has forgotten his Greek. Such a one may keep it on his shelves to be pried into occasionally for the solution of a difficulty, or to checkmate the parson of the parish in an argument; but it will never form the staple of his theological reading, if we may venture to ascribe that branch of study to him in anything beyond a merely euphemistic sense. It is true that it has no more Greek than a Parliamentary Blue-book, but perhaps it will not on that account be devoured with any greater avidity than the latter class of standard literature. There is one section of readers, however, who have not forgotten their Greek, and have the best security against ever doing so—the large and increasing number of "literate" persons who seem to embody the type of the clergy of the future; and these, we venture to think, it will exactly suit. Those clergy who have received a "learned" education will, of course, prefer the peas left in the soup, the Greek remaining alike in text and comment; but the brother who "occupies the room of the unlearned" will be thankful for the chance of getting at the genuine decoction without being troubled with heavy and indigestible matter. It will smoothe the uneasy way for the more gifted, or the more pushing, of such persons to the level of the platform on which their brethren stand. The "learned" clergy, if they wish to avoid this, will have to screw up a peg or two, and take refuge in Hebrew, a knowledge of which is perhaps not much more uncommon among them than was that of Greek among the clergy of Archbishop Parker. Intrenched here, they may hold out for some time. It may perhaps be a century, or centuries, before the cream of Hebrew erudition has been skimmed and churned for the use of the laity and literates by some Hebraistic imitator of the Dean of Canterbury in the wider field of the Old Testament. Still, waiving the question of time, the principle is true in either subject-matter. Dean Alford has supplied, in the present work, a ladder, not of "learning," but of its opposite, and a goodly number will climb thereon.

As regards the merits of the book itself, we think that not the least valuable portion of its contents will be found to lie in the indications of variation in the original text, or of meanings in the received text, which the inferior margin in the middle of the page presents. The condescension to ignorance which they exhibit is perhaps occasionally overdone. For instance, the noting that, in Mark vi. 25, a "charger," in the well-known narrative of St. John the Baptist's execution, means a "large dish," is somewhat superfluous. We also doubt whether the words substituted as giving a clearer meaning than our version conveys always effect their purpose. Thus we find at Mark ii. 4, "They could not come nigh unto him for the press," the direction on the last word, "Render, multitude;" and in Matthew xxiv. 31, "Sound of a trumpet," we have "Render, voice." Again, these directions occasionally labour under a slight obscurity. Thus in Mark ii. 21, "No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment," we find attached to the first word "no" a sign of annotation, corresponding with which same sign in the inferior margin is the direction, "Literally, unfulfilled." This, on further consideration, we find ought to belong to the word "new," as meaning "never submitted to the renovating process of the fuller," to which indeed in the parallel place of St. Matthew (ix. 16) we find it properly assigned. Again, on Matt. xiv. 26, "It is a spirit," the margin bids us "Render an apparition—literally a phantasm." The Greek is here *pháσμα*; but we question whether our derivative "phantasm" has not gone too far astray to be reckoned a "literal" rendering of it. It were better, we think, to have been content with "apparition." Again, we question whether to "suffer and self-deny" be warrantable English. These are, taken singly, slight blemishes, but the number of such flaws is not so small as to make them collectively trifling.

* *The New Testament for English Readers, containing the Authorized Version; with Marginal Corrections of Readings and Renderings, and a Critical and Explanatory Commentary.* By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. 2 vols. Vol. I. Part 1. The three first [sic] Gospels. London: Rivingtons. 1863.

But the most continually recurring inadequacy of the Authorized Version is probably its neglect of the Greek imperfect tense in all the various modifications, of a sustained, an incomplete, or even a merely intended action, which it conveys. A few examples, culled quite at random, as were the preceding, will show that Dean Alford has hardly noticed the sacrifice of the finer shades of meaning which this neglect has caused. One of the gravest is that of Luke x. 18, "I saw Satan like lightning fall, &c." The Greek is here *ὡς αἰώραν*, and seems used advisedly. For the seventy disciples had just been recounting how "the devils were subject unto them" in their mission. The reply, if the tense be given its due force, surely connects, as it were contemporaneously, the spiritual downfall, witnessed by the Lord, with the spiritual triumph experienced during their mission by the disciples. So in Matt. xxvii. 39 and 44, the word *ἀνέβη* is rendered by our version as though it had been *ἀνέβησαν*. And that the Dean, by his corrected rendering, "In like manner did the thieves also revile," does not by "did" mean to distinguish the tense, may be inferred from his soon after (v. 46) rendering the aorist *ἤσκαρτο*, "didst thou forsake me." Similar instances are found in Luke viii. 52, xiii. 22, xv. 16, xviii. 3; Mark iv. 37, i. 22; the last passage being remarkable, as the Greek is there *ἦν διδάσκων*, where the very form of the phrase suggests the English "was teaching," and where nevertheless our version has "he taught." Examples of this crop up everywhere, but the Dean, so far as we have seen, has left them unnoticed. This, we think, is a grave omission in a work avowedly designed "to enable the English reader to correct for himself the principal instances of the imperfections of the Authorized Version." As an example of oversight, unimportant save as characteristic, we will instance only the fly-leaf between the introductory remarks on Holy Scripture generally and the style, language, genuineness, &c. of the three Gospels in particular contained in this volume, on the one side, and the actual body of the work on the other. Why does that fly-leaf bear the title of "the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles," in large capitals in the middle of its page? The whole volume contains only the first three Gospels, and of them only does the introductory matter treat.

The notes are selected from those of the Greek Testament, with very few exceptions. Of course, they tax the attention closely—even to straining it. It is, indeed, a relief to turn from the comment to the text for simplicity and facility of perusal. This is inherent in the plan of the work. Whoever is familiar with the task of writing notes to appear in the same page with the text knows that the chief care of the workman, next to perspicuity, is conciseness. Every page is packed like a tourist's portmanteau. Rounded periods and elbow-room of style are not to be thought of. Every sentence is carefully compressed to carry in the minimum of words the maximum of meaning. Then, too, the commenting on three works which have so much in common, and so much, on the other hand, that is peculiar, as these three Gospels, requires a constant break-up of the run of type by references upon references, requiring brackets square and round, sheathed in each other, in a large variety of implication. Yet, making due allowance for this difficulty, we do not see why one parenthesis should run to the length of nearly an entire column, being forty-one lines of small close print, beginning and ending with the customary comma, but enfolding six periods of gradually increasing length within its ample bosom. Surely this is the pedantry of punctuation.

A word may be added on the art of making things difficult by the use of unfamiliar names. For instance, in the note on Luke xii. 49, on which we have opened at haphazard, three interpretations are suggested. The first is "apparently Origen's"; the second is "adopted by Theophylact"; the third is "that of Euthymius, Beza, and the A. V." Is the educated layman who has forgotten his Greek likely to remember the respective dates of these authorities, and whether "Euthymius and Beza" belong to the same century or not? If he do not, we think that this array of names is more likely to cloud and bewilder him than to assist his judgment. He will be like a man ignorant of the value of the denominations in which he is called upon to calculate. There are those among our more veraculous brethren to whom the term "the Synoptic narrative" is likely to prove a hard nut to crack. Such readers may be supposed oblivious of the message sent back "from Gabii to Sextus Tarquinius," and will feel rather puzzled than set at ease by the allusion (p. 76). They may not gain much extra light from being told that the "farthing" of Matt. v. 26, is "the fourth part of an as." It would have been worth while to elucidate these points (if they were to be mentioned at all) for the benefit of those who are supposed to require the information that a "charger" does not mean the four-legged one, and that the name of the ruler of the synagogue "is of three syllables, with the accent on the second, Ja-i-rus" (p. 236). Or, at least, a chronological catalogue of authorities so referred to might have been given in a page or two of the Introduction, with some estimate of their general value, particular bias, and individual weight as testifying to views current in their respective periods. We take the learned author's statement of the scope of his work as our standard on this question. He says (Introduction, 24):—"It is not, in the proper sense of the word, a popular edition of the New Testament. Some cultivation of mind by an ordinary liberal education will be required for its use, but certainly not more than is possessed by Christian women in the middle ranks of life, and by the majority of the mercantile classes." We respectfully beg leave to differ from him very widely in

his estimate of mercantile erudition, and think that the Christian young men of the Stock Exchange will be as much "stonied and bet" by a good deal of the present attempt to meet their wants as many Deans and Chapters would be to interpret such "City Intelligence" as "Brazilian (1863) 87½ $\frac{3}{4}$ ex div.", or "Spanish Passive shows a recovery of $\frac{1}{2}$ at 34½ to 35, but the Certificates have been dull at 12½ to 13, with which *mercantur* of the money-market the leading journal may any day present us. As for "Christian women in the middle ranks of life," we will take this at a rough guess to mean the parson's wife, the clerk's wife, and all that may socially lie between these extremes; and for all these, including the first mentioned, we venture to express a confident belief that a very little of the Dean's work will prove enough. Yet there is far too much genuine hard work and solid value in it for it to be wholly lost. It will doubtless find a medium heavy enough for it to float in, and prove a welcome addition to the antidotes to that timid worship of the letter of Scripture which is the religious bane of these days.

DIARIES OF A LADY OF QUALITY.*

"WE hear," writes Gilly Williams to George Selwyn, "of your falling asleep standing at the old President Henault's, and knocking him and three other old women into the fire. Are these things true?" If so, it is a pity Mr. Hayward was not there to pull them out, since he seems to have an extraordinary fancy for octogenarian females. No sooner has he disposed of one than he gets entangled with another; and Johnson's "lively little lady," the reckless, rattling, imprudent, impulsive Mrs. Piozzi, is succeeded in his affections by the large, stately, sensible, sententious, and decorous Miss Wynn; their sole points of similarity being their pride of birth, their knowledge of languages (including Latin), and their fortunate fondness for the best sort of gossip. We say fortunate, because, without attaching quite so much importance as their common editor to the waifs and strays of history and biography called *Anna*, we readily acknowledge the value of written reminiscences in which the passing and perishable signs of social progress, or the slighter incidents and traits of memorable events and personages, are conscientiously set down. If a carefully kept diary does nothing more, it at least reflects the colour of the times; and the case made out by Mr. Hayward for his old lady No. 2 is certainly plausible enough to attract a fair amount of attention to his book.

She was the daughter of the fourth Sir Watkin, and granddaughter of George Grenville, the Minister, from which any person versed in genealogy, or possessed of a Burke, may easily collect that she was related to two or three dukes, five or six earls and barons, baronets à discretion, with honourables and right honourables by the score. Here then, it is argued, is a spinster of quality, born in the purple, a member of one of those privileged families that did this country the honour of governing it during the whole of the last century and the first quarter of the present; the niece and constant associate of the haughty and exclusive Grenvilles in their pride of power or place, when the flower of the aristocracy were glad to mingle at Stowe and Dropmore with statesmen, orators, and exiled scions of royalty. She watched them when they gravely scanned the political horizon "with fear of change perplexing nations;" she was by their side in their "happier hour of social converse;" she often heard them talk big; she sometimes saw them look little; and when anything she thought worth commemorating occurred in her presence, or was told in her hearing, she conscientiously recorded it in her clear, firm, bold, rather irregularly constructed phraseology, reminding one of old-fashioned handwriting, without grace but equally without affectation. Her language and tone of thought are throughout redolent of the well-born gentlewoman of the old school; and her diaries have the rare merit of being objective rather than subjective, of dealing more with matters of fact than sentiments. They contain no egotistical effusions, and she has a peculiar felicity in mixing up her narratives and descriptions with curious touches and interesting details; as in the scene at Dropmore in 1797, the actors being Lord Wellesley, Lord Grenville, and Pitt in chase of a bird round the library; or in the account (p. 20) of Lord Grenville's reading the Gazette of Jan. 30, 1648 to George III. and the Prince of Orange in 1793. The account of the entrance of Louis XVIII. into London is similarly enlivened by a detail, and the suggestion of a probable mishap, which would hardly have occurred to a commonplace lady of quality, or would have been suppressed by her if it had:—

I was amused at seeing the Prince Regent sitting backwards in the landau. He had, of course, given the front seat to Louis and the Duchesse d'Angoulême. I wondered how a position so unusual would agree with him; since the days of absolute childhood, when he might have gone with the king and queen, he never could have found himself in such a one, and I thought of the possibility of an interruption most undignified to the procession.

Her uncle, Lord Grenville, was Chancellor of the University of Oxford when the Royal and Imperial visitors were dubbed Honorary Doctors in 1814. She formed part of their train, and has noted down a thing or two which we should be sorry to have missed. It should be remembered, in connexion with the first of the following paragraphs, that all the contemporary accounts agreed

* *Diaries of a Lady of Quality, from 1797 to 1844.* Edited, with Notes, by A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. London: Longman & Co. 1864.

in praising the intelligent attention and discriminating applause bestowed by the illustrious foreigners on the Public Orator:—

It did not at that time occur to me as possible that these sovereigns might not understand one syllable of the elegant classical orations made in compliment to them. I have since heard from Dr. Crichton—a Scotch physician belonging to the household of the Empress dowager, who accompanied one of her grandsons, the brother of Alexander—that neither this young prince nor any one of a numerous suite, excepting one man, understood a word of Latin or Greek.

One church was illuminated. It seems very difficult to find an inscription short enough to be read in lamps; if it is long, the beginning is burnt out before the end is lighted. The difficulty was much increased by the necessity of making this appropriate to a church. I never heard who had the merit of suggesting the beautifully simple "*Our prayers are heard.*"

The night was beautiful, uncommonly calm and warm. From my window, which looked down upon the High Street, it seemed as if one could really have walked upon the moving mass of heads. In one moment, almost without any previous notice—at least without any that could call the attention of the mob which was so fully occupied—a tremendous storm of thunder and rain came on. The effect was really more like the dissolving of the enchanted spell and the changes of scene in a pantomime than anything I ever did see or ever expect to see again in real life. The High Street, which was one blaze of light, and one unceasing hum of happiness, became in the course of five minutes quite dark and quite deserted; nothing was heard but the thunder and the torrents of rain. Where all the multitude could find shelter, I never discovered. Amidst that crowd in the High Street were, I am told, Alexander and the Grand Duchess (Oldenburg), who, as soon as they could get away from the great dinner in the Radcliffe library, went out to walk *incog.* This was on the 14th of June. It is curious to remember that the season was so backward that on this day there was the greatest difficulty in procuring one small dish of strawberries to deck the royal banquet, the forced strawberries being all over, and the natural not ripe.

It is fortunate for monarchy when royalty can afford to be seen *en déshabille*; but this is no excuse for those who put their Sovereign to unnecessary trials by their negligence, as we now learn, for the first time, Her Majesty's attendants did on the very day or night of her accession:—

June 1837.—On Monday we were listening all day for the tolling of the bells, watching whether the guests were going to the Waterloo dinner at Apsley House. On Tuesday, at 2½ A.M., the scene closed, and in a very short time the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to announce the event to their young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell, desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform H.R.H. that they requested an audience on business of importance; after another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, "We are come to the Queen on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that." It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

The first act of the reign was of course the summoning the Council, and most of the summonses were not received till after the early hour fixed for its meeting. The Queen was, upon the opening of the doors, found sitting at the head of the table. She received first the homage of the Duke of Cumberland, who, I suppose, was not King of Hanover when he knelt to her; the Duke of Sussex rose to perform the same ceremony, but the Queen, with admirable grace, stood up, and preventing him from kneeling, kissed him on the forehead. The crowd was so great, the arrangements were so ill made, that my brothers told me the scene of swearing allegiance to their young sovereign was more like that of the bidding at an auction than anything else.

Her brothers were Sir Henry Wynn (long Minister at Copenhagen), and the Right Honourable Charles Wynn, famous for his Parliamentary lore, whom Lord Brougham once proposed to restore in a fainting fit by placing a musty bluebook under his nose. He was a highly cultivated man, and the material for many valuable entries in his sister's diaries was supplied by him. Another trustworthy contributor, conscious or unconscious, was her uncle, the Right Honourable Thomas Grenville; and she gives on his authority a fresh and (we think) improved version of the story, told by Earl Stanhope, of Pitt's sleeping during the mutiny at the Nore. This leads to remarks on the Duke of Wellington's capacity for sleep at critical emergencies, and Mr. Hayward catches at the opportunity to bring in two illustrations in a note:—

It is impossible to be a great commander, or even a truly great man in any line, without this power; for without it both mind and body will prove unequal to a strain. There are two instances of its display by the Duke not generally known, and resting on the best authority. On arriving personally before St. Sebastian, he was informed that the breaching batteries would not open for two hours. "Then," said he, turning to his aide-de-camp, "the best thing we can do, Burghersh, is to go to sleep." He got off his horse, slipped into a trench, sat down with his back against one side, and was fast asleep in a moment. Lord Burghersh (the late Earl of Westmoreland) did the same.

The other occasion was when, having endured great fatigue, the Duke had gone to sleep in his tent, after giving strict orders not to be disturbed. An officer came in from the rear-guard—the army was in retreat—to say that the enemy were close at hand. The aide-de-camp on duty thought the contemplated emergency had arrived, and woke the Duke. "Send the man in." He entered. "You have been hotly pursued the whole day." "Yes, my lord." "Are the troops much tired?" "Dead beat, my lord." "Then the French must be dead beat, too—they won't attack to-night. That will do." Before the officer and aide-de-camp were well out of the tent, he was fast asleep again.

In another note on the same entry, the question, which was the real place of meeting between Blücher and the Duke at Waterloo, is reopened. It has recently acquired great additional importance from the publication of the seventh volume of *Staatengeschichte*, in which M. de Bernardi founds conclusions most unfavourable and

unfair to the British army upon the popular error that the meeting took place at La Belle Alliance. As partly bearing upon this topic, Mr. Hayward has printed a letter from a relative (the niece, we believe) of Major Percy, who brought home the official news of the victory; and we are not without hopes that other similar communications will be elicited by this book, for it contains many statements, loose as reported table-talk is apt to be, which we should be glad to have verified or confirmed by contemporary evidence before it degenerates into hearsay or tradition.

Miss Wynn had a large acquaintance with literary celebrities as well as with statesmen and courtiers, and some of her conversations with travellers read as if they had employed their prescriptive talent in mystifying her. Thus Sir Stamford Raffles, after stating that the punishment for adultery in Sumatra was to be eaten alive, went on to describe an execution witnessed by a friend:—

The criminal being tied to a stake, the executioner, armed with a very large sharp knife, asked the injured husband, who on this occasion had precedence over every person, what piece he chose; he selected the right ear, which was immediately cut off. An assistant of the executioner placed it on a large silver salver, on which were previously arranged in heaps, salt, pepper of various degrees of heat, lemons, &c. The salver was presented to the husband, who, after having seasoned the disgusting morsel to his taste, proceeded to eat it. The next in rank happened to select the nose; the ceremony was repeated; and the executioner (being a *merciful* man), after two or three more slices, ran his sword through the body of the wretched victim, and then divided the body among the surrounding multitude, who crowded with savage ferocity to the horrible feast.

Although this mode of dealing with co-respondents is said to be remarkably efficient in aid of the divorce courts of Sumatra, we can hardly venture to press its adoption by our Legislature; but unless Mexico is much improved since 1836, perhaps the new Emperor might borrow a useful hint or two from the Malaysian Dracos:—

Nov. 1836.—Read yesterday a very entertaining letter from Mrs. Ashburnham, the wife of the newly appointed consul to Mexico. Her account of the manners, of the ignorance, profligacy, and devotion of the natives, strongly reminded me of Majorca; the (so-called) ladies living in their bedrooms, or in their kitchens—every wife with one lover at least, who passes the life-long evening puffing his cigar at her feet—a lady receiving company with six dragons sitting on the bed in which she was talking of nothing but household affairs—every woman, even those of seventy, *coiffée en cheveux*, with one flower stuck perhaps in the grey locks, which do not hide the redness of the head; children from their birth for some years with an *edifice* of satin, gold, &c. &c., erected on their wretched little heads. She says that they have an opera, much better than could have been expected in such a society; that there the ladies are always dressed with a species of fire-fly in their hair; these fire-flies are certainly more brilliant than any diamonds, but they must be not only living, but lively and kept in a state of agitation to emit this light; then they protrude their six ugly legs. What a horrid tickling, crawling sensation they must give!

There are two mistakes which it may be as well to note. The house at which Lord Liverpool was dining on the 21st of June, 1815, was Lord Harrowby's, as stated at p. 340, not Lord Harewood's, as at p. 159; and Miss Wynn, uncorrected by her editor, has given to the Countess of Albany, the Pretender's wife, the title of Duchess, which he conferred on his illegitimate daughter. We are not sorry to have a well-authenticated version of the Wynyard ghost story; but the Ricketts ghost is a mere double of the Cock Lane one; and a single (the shortest) version of the Tyrone delusion—which it clearly was—would have been enough. With regard to "the Old Woman of Delamere Forest," we look upon the space assigned to her as simply another mark of Mr. Hayward's weakness for female senility; and without entirely sympathizing with him in this very peculiar taste, we will go the length of promising to accept a third old lady, duly edited, at his hands, provided only that she prove as entertaining as Mrs. Piozzi and Miss Wynn.

PIEROTTI'S JERUSALEM EXPLORED.*

THAT this elaborate and sumptuous work is not equal in the quality of its contents to the beauty of its exterior is to us a matter of unfeigned regret. We had expected much from Dr. Pierotti's labours. His official position at Jerusalem gave him unrivalled facilities for personal examination of the site of the Temple, and what was heard from time to time of his actual discoveries excited deep and hopeful interest. The very delay in the production of the long-promised volumes which were to lay open the results of his explorations to the world served to whet our appetites. The book has appeared at last with all the typographical advantages which the Cambridge University Press can lend to it. But the impression which it leaves on our mind is one of disappointment.

The angry controversy that has raged in the columns of the *Times*, as to the genuineness of certain of Dr. Pierotti's drawings and photographs, must have been noticed by most of our readers. Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Grove of the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Tipping of Brasted Park, have severally contended that particular illustrations, purporting to be originals, are simply copied without acknowledgment from other persons' drawings. The defence has hitherto not been equal to the attack. Dr. Pierotti himself, said to be absent on the Continent, has made few signs. His publishers, however, have asked that the verdict should be suspended until the charge can be rebutted; and his

* *Jerusalem Explored; being a Description of the Ancient and Modern City.* By Ermete Pierotti. Translated by the Rev. T. G. Bonney, M.A. London: Bell & Daldy. 1864.

photographers seem to admit that they are responsible for using the words "Pierotti photo et delt." to denote, not—what most people would understand them to mean—that the original negatives were taken by, or for, Dr. Pierotti, at his own choice and at his own cost, but that certain photographic prints purchased by Dr. Pierotti were entrusted to them for reproduction in lithography. Without having gone very fully into this disagreeable controversy, and without having paid a visit to Sydenham, whither Mr. Grove invites all sceptics to compare side by side the originals and the (alleged) copies, we have arrived at a conclusion of our own about the matter. No one, we think, can compare some of Dr. Pierotti's lithographs with Mr. Tipping's illustrations in Traill's *Josephus*—and, in particular, one capital of the Mosque El Aksa with Mr. Ferguson's engraving of the same from Catherwood's original sketch—without being convinced that the artist employed by Dr. Pierotti had the drawings of these gentlemen before his eyes. It is quite impossible to account in any other way for the points of resemblance between the two. One draughtsman seldom puts the legs of his sketching-stool into the very holes formed by that of a predecessor many years before, as Mr. Tipping happily expresses it; and, in respect of Mr. Ferguson's architectural drawings, a pair of compasses will prove to an expert that the two engravings had but one original. Mr. Ferguson fearlessly challenges an examination by any such qualified body as the Council of the Institute of British Architects; but the glove has not been taken up. It requires no technical knowledge to estimate the bearing of another fact which this comparison will establish—namely, that Dr. Pierotti's lithographer has sometimes reproduced the errors of the previous drawings, and sometimes (as in the perspective of the crypt of the Mosque El Aksa) has misunderstood and wrongly interpreted his copy.

Nothing can be more unfortunate than this. And yet we are not disposed to judge Dr. Pierotti too harshly about it. His fault seems to us to lie, not so much in borrowing from his predecessors, as in not acknowledging his obligations to them. The truth seems to be this. Dr. Pierotti himself is not a very accomplished draughtsman. No one can examine some of the plates which are certainly his own without seeing this. Even Messrs. Day's artists have been able to make nothing of some of them. Take, for example, the longitudinal section (in Plate XXXIV.) of the Holy Sepulchre, and the section of the Armenian Church. We suppose the fact to be that in some cases, where drawings, substantially the same, but infinitely better done, by Mr. Ferguson or Mr. Tipping, were easily attainable, the present lithographer has either copied them or used them to supplement and correct the inadequate original sketches submitted to him by Dr. Pierotti. The disingenuousness of doing this without acknowledgment may be, but perhaps need not be, an intentional offence. We wish to lean to the milder interpretation. A foreigner, neither speaking English nor understanding it, and unused to literature, may perhaps be pardoned the apparent dishonesty of this proceeding. It is to be regretted that the able counsellors and coadjutors whom he found at Cambridge did not set him right on these points. We think, too, that Dr. Pierotti would have been better advised had he contented himself with simply describing his own discoveries. We see little value in his lengthy disquisitions on the whole vexed question of the topography of Jerusalem. He has taken very great pains to get up the subject, but he has no special gifts for the arduous task which he has undertaken. We have every reason to trust him when he speaks of the researches which he made in his own person, but his facts may be accepted, while his theories, or his explanations of his facts, may be little regarded.

We shall best describe the book itself by giving some account of its numerous and valuable illustrations. There is, for instance, a large panoramic view of Jerusalem, as seen from the Mount of Olives, taken from photographs. We may say, however, once for all, that this and all the other perspectives are very inferior in interest to the exquisite water-colour drawings of Jerusalem and its famous sites by Karl Werner, lately exhibited at the British Institution, and preparing (we are glad to add) for publication. On the other hand, Dr. Pierotti's ground plans and sections are invaluable. For instance, there are parallel plans of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem, more full and more carefully laid down than any we have before seen. With the disputes about the several walls of the ancient city we have no intention of troubling our readers. The most curious discovery made by Dr. Pierotti is that of a complete system of water-courses beneath the area of the Temple. Below the cave or cistern in the rock under the Mosque of Omar he found a lower reservoir connected by a conduit with the watercourses above mentioned. Professor Willis predicted long ago, we believe, that the drains would some day be found by which the blood of the victims slain at the altar of the Temple was removed. This discovery has now been made; and we need not point out that the existence of these subterranean channels not only disproves Mr. Ferguson's hypothesis that the Dome of the Rock is the original Church of the Sepulchre, but establishes the counter assertion that the rock in question is the site of the altar of the Temple of Solomon. Dr. Pierotti's description of the rock itself is worth quotation:—

In the centre of the mosque is a rock, rising above the floor, and occupying nearly the whole space under the dome, whose bare rough surface is strangely contrasted with the rich decorations surrounding it. This is *es-Sakharah*, the great object of the Mohammedan's reverence, which gives the building its name. Its higher part is some five or six feet above the pavement. No tool has ever touched its upper surface; but the north and west sides have been hewn vertical, and from the appearance of the work I am inclined to

think that it was done when the mosque was built by Omar. A circular hole is cut in its highest part towards the south-west, and on the south-east side is a doorway leading down into a rather large chamber within it, whitewashed, and lighted by the above-named hole. The Imam who accompanied us informed us that the rock is suspended in the air, and also that it has a great cavity beneath, and certainly by stamping on the floor and striking the walls a hollow sound is produced. . . . The hollow sound, heard on striking a large slab in the middle of the floor, is to be explained by the existence of a communication with a lower cistern; how I ascertained this fact I will presently relate. The Mohammedans themselves account for it by saying that this is the wall of the souls of the dead; I consider it the cistern of the threshing-floor of Araunah.

By far the most interesting part of Dr. Pierotti's book is his account of his subterranean explorations in the *Haram-es-Sherief*; but it is far too long for quotation. He found immense cisterns under the north part of the Temple area, which communicate with the excavated chambers below the "rock" of the Mosque of Omar. The flow of water of these cisterns (which were fed by the aqueduct from Etham) was used for cleansing the conduit of blood beneath the altar of burnt-offering. Other channels were found which served the same purpose for the "place of the ashes," deriving their supply, it is supposed, from the Pool of Bethesda. The exits of these drains were in the valley of the Kidron. As to the architecture of the mosque itself—the famous Dome of the Rock—Dr. Pierotti does little more than copy M. de Vogüé's description; and his illustration is so like Mr. Ferguson's section that it is difficult to believe that it is anything but a copy. Mr. Ferguson's statement that the columns and capitals are of Constantinian date is confirmed by these observers. But there is no necessity for thinking, with that gentleman, that they are still *in situ*. It is far more probable, as Dr. Pierotti says, that columns and capitals were borrowed by the Mohammedan builders from the ruins of Constantine's Church of the Resurrection. "The bases of the columns (we are told) in the inner range are Attic, those in the second are different, and of a debased style; very frequently the shaft rests on a cubical plinth of white marble without any base moulding. Their capitals are Byzantine, that is, resemble more or less closely an order which is a coarse copy of the Corinthian." This is not a very intelligent description. But the illustrations make it pretty clear that the Saracenic builders availed themselves freely of the costly marble shafts and carved capitals of the age of Constantine, which had escaped the ravages of Chosroes.

It is needless to say that Dr. Pierotti believes the site of the Holy Sepulchre to be genuine; but he doubts the alleged position of Calvary. We observe nothing new in his discussion of these points. It is curious to find him expressing a wish that all the present encumbrances of the site might be swept away, the ground cleared and the bare rock exposed over the whole area; the Sepulchre itself covered by a dome, and the whole enclosed in a cloister. "If this were done," he says, "the original appearance of the ground would be in some measure restored, and the Golgotha and the Sepulchre, the true trophies of Christianity, would be visible to all; unbelievers would be convinced by the evidence of their senses; and while all would be obliged to admit the genuineness of the sites, each one would be free to meditate in his own way upon the teachings of the very place consecrated by the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of his Redeemer." Elsewhere, however, our author admits that there is some good in the incrustations and gratings and ornamentation which conceal and protect the actual Sepulchre. Were they removed, he says, "the rock itself would not long remain." "Each traveller and pilgrim would practise every possible device in order to obtain a fragment as a relic; and it would be a hard matter to persuade the Eastern pilgrims, and, above all others, the Americans, to keep their hands off it."

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.*

(Second Notice.)

AFTER retiring from the army on half-pay in 1819, William Napier took a house in Sloane Street, and spent most of his time in painting and sculpture. Art was for several years his principal pursuit, but he also read largely and enjoyed society. In 1821 he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* an article on Jomini's *Principes de la Guerre*. In 1823, while leading, as he says, "a very pleasant desultory life," he was persuaded by his friend Mr. Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, to undertake his History. His first step towards this task was to call upon the Duke of Wellington, who told him that he could not give him his private papers, as he intended to publish them himself, but not at present. The Duke wished, whenever he published, to tell the whole truth, but that could not be done while it was likely "ungraciously to affect the fame of many worthy men whose only fault was dulness." But although the Duke would not give Napier his private papers, he gave him important official documents, and promised always to answer any questions as to facts which Napier might wish to put. And, says Napier, "he fulfilled that promise rigidly. . . . I have, at various times, sent to the Duke a number of questions in writing, and always they have been fully and carefully answered without delay." Napier had access to excellent information, English and French, and he placed himself for the most part on sure ground in regard to facts, leaving, however, opening for considerable criticism as concerns language. It is characteristic of him that, having gone to

* *Life of Sir William Napier, K.C.B.*, Author of "History of the Peninsular War," &c. Edited by H. A. Bruce, M.P. 2 vols. London: Murray, 1864.

Strathfieldsaye for the purpose of consulting the Duke of Wellington, he writes to his wife that the History had been cut up badly by twelve days of painting a horse. However, Napier worked hard, if he did not work always, at his History. He obtained a vast number of highly interesting letters from officers who had served in the Peninsula, describing their share in particular operations. Colonel Hunt, who led the volunteers of the Light Division, and received a severe wound, at San Sebastian, concludes his account of that service with the melancholy words:—"The crosses and losses I have met with in later life make me look back to those early days with peculiar pleasure." The first volume of the History was published in 1828. Marshal Soult said of it to George Napier:—"Your brother's work is perfect; it does honour to his head and heart, and must be as satisfactory to the French army as it is to the English." The Spanish General Alava's opinion was also conveyed by George Napier to his brother:—"He swears that you are blind to that coquin Napoleon's conduct in Spain, and believe in all the dam French rascals; and by—I am angry wid William, but by—George, I tell everybody no such book in Europe. . . . William is one dam clever fellow, the cleverest fellow, but dam rascal to the Spaniards." In reference to one of the controversies provoked by this first volume, the poet Moore wrote to the author:—"If you have it in your power to give a complete and documentary reply to Strangford's pamphlet, I say again, let him have his deserts. But the next best thing to being able to answer him is to say honestly and frankly that you have been mistaken." This was sound, and perhaps not wholly unnecessary, advice. William Napier noted on Moore's letter "that he did answer Lord Strangford effectively," but whether to Moore's satisfaction as well as his own does not appear. It is a curious fact that Mr. Murray, who published the first volume of the History, sustained a loss by it, and the author published the second and succeeding volumes on his own account. Colonel Shaw Kennedy, an old Light Division officer, makes, in reference to the French bias imputed to the work, the just remark that "truth requires that the French should be shown to have been highly skilful and most formidable opponents; and surely on their having been so depends the glory of the British arms."

Turning for a moment from Napier's literary life to politics, it is to be noted that in 1831 he made his first public speech at Devizes, near which town he was at this time living; and so great was his success as a popular orator that he might have made choice for a seat in Parliament among a dozen boroughs which solicited the honour of being represented by him. A single sentence, by way of example of his style, shall be quoted from one of his early speeches. The subject of this speech was the opposition of the House of Lords to the Reform Bill:—"The Duke of Wellington fell; but shall we, who thus struck down Cæsar in his course, permit creeping things to do that in craft which he could not do in boldness?" A newspaper, reporting this speech, added that "it was impossible to convey an idea of the spirit, the fire, with which these sentiments were expressed. . . . Such a soldier and such a speaker might lead an army anywhere." A more weighty opinion to the same effect was given by Mr. Bickersteth when Napier consulted him as to entering Parliament. Mr. Bickersteth believed that Napier would be more than commonly eloquent, and would soon become sufficiently acquainted with public business. He judged—and very wisely—that Napier's principal danger would arise from the indignant scorn he would feel, "and occasionally without good foundation," for those who would not yield to his own strong impressions. If Napier could become a political adventurer, he might make his fortune and gratify his ambition, but in his case the subject was only to be considered in a view in which no money was to be made, nor any selfish ambition to be gratified. In the History Napier had found the means of serving the public and his family at the same time, and on the whole Mr. Bickersteth advised him not to give it up for Parliament.

A fair example of the sort of controversies which arose out of the History, and of Napier's behaviour towards those who complained of his statements, is afforded by the case of Mr. D. M. Perceval, son of the Minister, to whose character Napier had applied expressions which, as he afterwards admitted, "showed more heat of temper than becomes history." To this admission of Napier should be added another by his biographer, that "it is to be regretted that the allusion to Mr. Perceval's religion was so worded as to bear the possibility of being interpreted by any reader into an intended imputation of insincerity." Probably these admissions will suffice in the way of proof that Napier was guilty of what even his admirers must allow to be intemperance of language in his History. But it is to be observed that many of these errors were acknowledged, and, as far as possible, repaired by the author of them. Indeed, the same impulsiveness which made Napier do wrong made him in general prompt and earnest in repentance. He usually began discussion by offering the complainant an opportunity of fighting him with pistols, and he often ended by admitting that the complaint was just. Mr. D. M. Perceval declined the duel which Napier proposed to him, being influenced, as the biographer fairly says, "by the creed of a Christian man, which forbade him to attempt the life of a fellow-creature, or to expose his own in a private quarrel, where the result of a duel could have had no effect upon the reputation of his father." Another complainant was Captain J. H. Pringle, who came forward as champion of the reputation of the Earl of Chatham. Napier reasonably answered that, as Lord Chatham lived several

years after the publication of his remarks on the Walcheren expedition, and did not personally complain, he was not bound to listen to the complaints of Lord Chatham's family. However, in the course of correspondence, Napier was persuaded to consider Captain Pringle as merely appealing to his good feelings upon a subject which had given the Captain pain. "This appeal," he wrote, "you have an undoubted title to make; and it is right I should respect your feelings when no principle is thereby sacrificed. It is sufficient, Sir, that the word 'scorned' gives you and your family pain to induce me to expunge it." This letter was satisfactory to Captain Pringle. A judicious friend of Napier remarks upon this discussion:—"I cannot acquit you of rashness in using the term 'scorned,' for scorn should only attend premeditated crime; consequently I think your intention of expunging the word to be both just and generous." This same judicious friend has said of William Napier that he was one of the most vehement of men, and one of the most warm-hearted. "I have seen him throw himself on the ground bathed in tears when he thought he had done an injury." When Napier learned, adds this friend, that he had inflicted a pang on the mother of Sir James Outram, his grief was extreme, and he did all he could to make atonement. The correspondence with Mrs. Outram here referred to will be found in the second volume of the Life. It is not necessary to our present purpose, and therefore we spare ourselves the pain of stating what was the subject of it. No more impressive example ever occurred of the mischief that may be done by thoughtless writing and publication. It is true that Napier acknowledged and lamented many of these errors; but we should have preferred to see him in these volumes, not as a sinner that repented, but as a just person that needed no repentance.

Enough, however, of this distressing subject, and let us now see Napier under particularly advantageous circumstances, as the companion of Marshal Soult during the visit which the Marshal made to England as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838. Napier accompanied Soult on a journey to Manchester and Liverpool, and took notes of conversations held with him on military subjects. Soult's estimates, as noted by Napier, of the abilities of his brother Marshals of the French Empire, are given in the Life, and occupy four of its most interesting pages. One of the most striking, and probably one of the fairest, of these opinions refers to Massena, of whom Soult said:—"Excellent in great danger; negligent and of no goodness out of danger. Knew war well." Victor, he said, was "an old woman, quite incapable." Marmont understood the theory of war perfectly, but "history would tell what he did with his knowledge." Soult was wonderfully popular in England, and, when not too much tired, he deserved popularity by his good nature. He used to shake hands with people as long as he was able, and would then employ his staff to shake hands for him. Napier pleasantly described in letters to his wife the journey which he made with Soult. There was a public dinner at Birmingham. The chairman gave Soult's health, introducing it with a complimentary speech in good taste, and dwelling particularly and feelingly upon the tribute of respect which Soult had paid to the remains of Sir John Moore. This seemed to touch Soult. He rose with great animation, rapidly spoke the usual thanks for the honour paid to himself, and then broke out in praise of Sir John Moore and the English army. An extract is given from the speech of Colonel Napier returning thanks for that army, and it need not be said that his eloquence was fully equal to the grand occasion. Whether Napier spoke or wrote, he amply justified the words of a French writer who ascribed to him "the most sincere devotion for the glory of his country, combined with the most noble impartiality and the most chivalrous homage to her enemies."

It is difficult to part with these most interesting volumes. The latter half of the work deals with the last twenty years of William Napier's life. He had finished his History in 1840, and now employed his pen chiefly in defence of his brother Charles's policy in Scinde, and afterwards in writing that brother's life. As in earlier years he believed that he had himself many enemies, and had declared his determination to encounter them "as long as he could speak, write, or pull a trigger," so now he was incessantly battling with assailants, actual or imaginary, of his brother's military and political reputation. Charles Napier was so like in character to William that it may be supposed that this vehement combativeness on his behalf was grateful to him. George Napier, however, differed from his brothers in respect that he was disposed to go on quietly with civilians, and by no means desired that fraternal affection should take up the cudgels to redress his grievances, if he had any, which he seems to have thought doubtful. He writes to William in 1849:—"As to my own feelings about the Cape, I must fairly tell you, as I did Charles, that I have none." He knew that he had done his duty, and he was content. If his brothers could have looked at life in the same way, the quantity of printed matter concerning the family of Napier would be much smaller than it is. Sometimes, when William Napier was not occupied with his brother Charles's grievances, he would write admirable letters to the *Times* on military subjects. One of the best of these letters was called forth by a silly boast uttered at a public meeting, that not a man of the Surrey Volunteers would hide behind a bush or a tree. Another letter suggested that Richard Ogden, an old soldier of the 43rd, with his nine war clasps and his fivepence per day pension, should be shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851 as a specimen of an honoured English veteran. That the English

soldier no longer fights under the "cold shade" is largely due to the influence of the writings of William Napier, of whom nothing can be said more true or more emphatic than that he was the soldier's friend. It may be added that he knew the English soldier's nature thoroughly, and it is highly probable that he was right in saying that that soldier did not want such a stimulant as the Victoria Cross, being equal to any daring without it, but that he wanted the assurance of a good pension and "respect in his parish in his old age."

The only public employment ever held by William Napier after he went upon half-pay was the Lieutenant-Governorship of Guernsey, out of which arose, as might have been expected, an abundant crop of controversies. He became General and K.C.B., and Colonel of the 22nd Regiment, which had played a conspicuous part in his brother Charles's victories in Scinde. He died in 1860, having never known sound health, and being seldom free from pain during forty-nine years which followed the combat of Casal Nova. It is to be lamented that the muse who inspired Napier's History was not passionless. The author of that work was rather too apt, as his friend and comrade Sir George Brown once said of him, to allow scope to his lively imagination. He was eager to think well of his friends, but unhappily was also prone to think evil of those whom he chose to consider enemies. The merits of the History have been well summed up by the author's brother George. It is a clear guide to statesmen; an incomparable military map for the general in forming his plans for campaigns, and a perfect example for their execution; "and last, though not least, it is a glorious incitement to the army to do its duty as well as ours did in the Peninsular war."

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We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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MALVERN.—Private Tuition.—A Married Clergyman, M.A., Graduate in Honours, of Trinity College, Cambridge, receives THREE PUPILS to prepare for the Universities, Civil Service, the Artillery, Engineers, or the other branches of the Army. His house is pleasantly situated, standing in its own grounds, in one of the healthiest localities in England.—Address, Rev. A. R. Messrs. Lea & Ferris & Co., Great Malvern.

A YOUNG CLERGYMAN seeks a FOURTH PUPIL for a Five Weeks' Tour to Venice, at the end of June. Inclusive terms, Fifty Guineas.—Address, A. B., 8 Royal Parade, Blackheath.

THE PROFESSORSHIP of SURGERY in the QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Cork, being now Vacant, CANDIDATES for that office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the UNDER SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before the 1st July next, in order that the same may be submitted to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter on his duties soon after his appointment.—Dublin Castle, May 4, 1864.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SUTTON VALENCE, KENT. Founded A.D. 1576.—This School having been recently rebuilt, the Court of Assistants of the Clothworkers' Company are about to appoint a HEAD MASTER, though he will not be required to enter on the duties of his Office before September next. He must be a Member of the Church of England, a Graduate of one of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or London, duly qualified to discharge the duties of the Office, and his age must not exceed Forty years. The Stipend is £200 per Annum, with a good Residence (free of Rent, Taxes, and Repairs) capable of accommodating upwards of Forty Boarders; and he will have the appointment of the Second Master, whose Salary will be paid by the Company, and the privilege of taking Day Boys. Exhibitions to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and private Scholarships, are attached to the School. Sutton Valence is beautifully situated in a healthy part of Kent, midway between the County Towns of Maidstone and Staplehurst, where there are first-class Railway Stations, and it is distant 3½ miles from the Railway Station of Headcorn. Applications for the appointment must be made in writing by the 25th of May, accompanied with Testimonials. Candidates are particularly requested not to apply personally to the Members of the Court of Assistants. Further particulars of the Duties and Emoluments may be obtained of ROBERT BECKWITH TOWSE, Clerk. Clothworkers' Hall, 41 Mining Lane, London, E.C., April 1864.

SOLE CHARGE.—WANTED immediately, a CURATE for the above, in a beautiful part of Gloucestershire. Population, 200. Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge, with moderate views, indispensable.—Address, Raccon, Post Office, Andoversford, Cheltenham.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—MEDICAL.—A General Practitioner, M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., L.M.R.C.S., in a Market Town, Married, is desirous of receiving into his Family a PUPIL. He would have unusual facilities for gaining a thorough knowledge of his profession. The Advertiser, besides an extensive Private Practice, has a large Private District and Union House attached.—For further particulars apply, by letter, to B. C., care of Messrs. Burgess, Willows, & Co., 101 High Holborn.

PARTNERSHIP, with SALARY.—A Gentleman of Character, accustomed to Business, and possessing £5,000, may enter into PARTNERSHIP, with SALARY, in an Established Firm whose Business, when extended, will give a profit of 30 per cent.—Apply, by letter, to M. S. B., Post Office, Lydney, Gloucestershire.

LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square.—The Twenty-third ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members will take place in the Reading Room on Saturday, the 28th Instant. The Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., President, will take the Chair at Three o'clock p.m. ROBERT HARRISON, Secretary and Librarian.

SOUTH PLACE CHAPEL, Finsbury.—During the next few Months the SERVICES will be conducted by Mr. M. D. CONWAY, of Boston, U.S.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Messrs. BERTRAM & ROBERTS, the new Contractors for the Refinement Department, have the honour to announce that they are prepared to serve Dinners, Dejeuners, &c., to large and small Parties in the Private Rooms overlooking the grounds of the Crystal Palace, in the highest and most artistic style of cuisine, at the shortest notice, and upon liberal terms. Coroner and other public bodies will receive direct personal attention. A varied assortment of French confectionery, Nonpareils, &c., &c., will be daily supplied throughout the building. Telegrams immediately acknowledged. May 1864.

TO INVESTORS.—Messrs. ROBERTS & COMPANY'S STOCK and SHARE PRICE LIST and REPORTER contains Full Reports on Mines and other Companies—Closing Prices—Notice of Meetings—and other Information useful to Shareholders in all Public Companies. Special Inspections made, and Clients cautioned against Unsound Stock.—Messrs. ROBERTS & CO., 31 New Broad Street, London, E.C.

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Directors.
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Ellis Watkins Cluniffe, Esq.
Herbert Geo. Jones, Sergeant-at-Law.
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The Thirtieth ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Society was held on May 11, C. D. Preston Bruce, Esq., in the Chair.

New Policies were issued during the past year for..... £187,651
Yielding Annual Premiums of..... 8,300
Policies have been issued since 1834 for..... 7,035,533
The Claims Paid since 1834 amount to the sum of..... 1,259,524
The Amount Assured under existing Policies is..... 2,232,642
The Amount of existing Assets exceeds..... 898,000
Annual Income exceeds..... 125,000

A reduction of 50 per cent. upon the Premiums for the current year was declared upon all Participating Policies. This statement of one-half the Premium, upon Indian as well as English Insurances, was stated to be a larger advantage to the Assured than any Society, with rates of premium as low as those of the Universal, and retaining so ample a Reserve for its liabilities, had been able to afford.

EXAMPLES OF REDUCED PREMIUMS. ENGLISH POLICIES.

Age in Policy.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Reduced Premium, May 1864-65.
20	£1,000	£19 6 8	£9 13 4
30	1,000	24 8 4	12 4 2
40	1,000	31 0 0	15 15 0

INDIAN (CIVIL).

Age in Policy.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Reduced Premium, May 1864-65.	Further reduced Premium, if in Europe, May 1864-65.
20	£1,000	£12 0 0	£21 0 0	£9 13 4
30	1,000	48 0 0	34 0 0	12 4 2
40	1,000	50 0 0	39 10 0	15 15 0

INDIAN (MILITARY).

Age in Policy.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Reduced Premium, May 1864-65.	Further reduced Premium, if in Europe, May 1864-65.
20	£1,000	£17 0 0	£22 10 0	£9 13 4
30	1,000	34 0 0	27 0 0	12 4 2
40	1,000	63 0 0	31 10 0	15 15 0

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FREDK. HENDRIKS, Actuary and Secretary.

EQUITABLE ASSURANCE OFFICE.—Established in 1762.—Under a recent Act of Law, the Directors of the Equitable Life Assurance Society are empowered to assure the Lives of Persons residing at a Distance from London without requiring their Personal Attendance at the Office.

Assurances may thus be effected without Expense by direct Correspondence with the Office in London.

For Prospectus apply to

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ARTHUR MORGAN, Actuary.

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Insurances effected now will secure the full benefit of the Reduced Duty from Midsummer next.

April 22, 1864.

GEORGE W. LOVELL, Secretary.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1809.

Fire and Life Insurance Business of every description transacted at moderate rates.

The usual Commission allowed on Ship and Foreign Insurances.

Insurers in this Company will receive the full benefit of the reduction in Duty.

Capital..... £5,000,000
Annual Income..... 497,503
Accumulated Funds..... £253,977

LONDON—HEAD-OFFICES: 59 Threadneedle Street, E.C.
A New Bank Buildings, Lothbury.

WEST END OFFICE: 8 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

DEBENTURES at 5, 5½, and 6 per Cent.

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PATRICK F. ROBERTSON, Esq.

GEORGE IRELAND, Esq.

ROBERT SMITH, Esq.

DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq.

Manager.—C. J. BRAINE, Esq.

The Directors are prepared to ISSUE DEBENTURES for One, Three, and Five Years at 5, 5½, and 6 per cent. respectively.

They are also prepared to invest Money on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without the guarantee of the Company, as may be arranged.

Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 15 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

By Order, JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary.

ITALIAN IRRIGATION CANAL COMPANY (CANAL CAVOUR).—Notice is hereby given, that in conformity with Article 33 of the Company's Statutes a GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders will be held at the Office of the Company, at Turin, No. 38 Via della Rocca, on Tuesday, the 31st day of May 1864, when the following subjects will be submitted to the Meeting:

1. The balance-sheet of the Company to 31st December 1863, as provided by Article 30 of the Statutes.

2. The approval of the nomination of Mr. Charles Galland and of the Marquis Louis Tornelli as members of the Council of Administration, according to Article 17 of the Statutes.

3. Authority to the Council of Administration to treat with the Government:

(a) For the prolongation of the Canal Cavour beyond the Ticino, in accordance with the terms of Article 36 of the Convention annexed to the law of August 15, 1862.

(b) For the construction and working of a new canal, which will commence from the Ticino, near Sesto Calende, and by a branch will join the prolongation of the Canal Cavour.

(c) For the purchase or rental of the domainal canals of Lombardy and of Upper Piedmont.

Every Shareholder who ten days at least before the General Meeting shall deposit, either at the office of the Company at Turin, or in London or Paris, at least 20 Shares, shall be entitled to take part in the General Meeting.—Art. 30, Statutes.

No person can represent a Shareholder who is not himself a member of the General Meeting.

No shares can be deposited upon which any of the Calls are in arrear.

Proxies must be lodged at the Office of the Company in Turin not later than Monday, May 30 next, at noon.

Forms of Proxy may be obtained at the Company's Office in London.

3 Royal Exchange Avenue, April 27, 1864. C. G. MANSEL, Vice-President.

DIVIDENDS of 12 to 15 PER CENT. PER ANNUM may be obtained in judiciously selected Mining Property. An advance of 500 to 1,000 per Cent. and upwards on the Outlay is of frequent occurrence.

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JOHN R. PIKE, Stock and Sharebroker, 3 Pinner's Court, Old Broad Street, London.

MONEY.—£10,000.—Immediate ADVANCES ARE MADE to Officers in the Army and others, with security and despatch, by a Private Gentleman, upon Note of Hand, Life Interests, Reversions, Legacies, Land, Houses, or other Property. Interest, 5 per cent.—Address, A. B., 6 Norris Street, St. James's, S.W.

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* * * Description sent free by post, or to be had on application at 31 Cornhill, E.C.

COUNCIL MEDAL, 1851.—FIRST CLASS MEDAL, 1855.—PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.—The above Medals have been awarded to SMITH, BECK, & BECK, who have REMOVED from a Coleman Street, to 31 Cornhill, E.C., where they have opened extensive Show Rooms containing large assortments of Achromatic Microscopes, Stereoscopes, and all classes of Optical, Meteorological, and other Scientific Instruments and Apparatus.—Catalogues sent on receipt of six postage stamps.

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HYDROPATHIC SANATORIUM, SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Univ.—For the treatment of Chronic Diseases, principally by the combined Natural Agents—Air, Exercise, Water, and Diet. The Turkish Baths on the Premises, under Dr. Lane's Medical Direction.

MALVERN.—HYDROPATHY.—The Hydropathic Establishment, lately erected by Dr. STUMMES, will be opened for the reception of Patients in May. It is situated on the slopes of the Malvern Hills, and being expressly planned for the use of his Patients, is provided with every accommodation requisite for the convenient prosecution of Hydropathic treatment.—For Prospectus and Terms apply to L. STUMMES, M.D. Friarville House Malvern.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS for Churches and Dwellings.—HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, New King Street, Covent Garden, W.C. REMOVED from Cardington Street, Hampstead Road.

Specimens at the Exhibition of Stained Glass Windows, South Kensington Museum.

ECCLESIASTICAL EMBROIDERY and TAPESTRY for Church Decorations and Vestments, designed and prepared for Ladies' own Working by RODOLPH HILBRUNNER, 255 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

Gold and Silver Fabrics, Fringes, Thread and Laces, Velvets, Silks, Cloth, Linen, and every other requirement for Church Needlework.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen and Royal Family.—GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE ATTIRE, the best at moderate Prices. Waterproof Tweed Overcoats, for dust or rain. One Guinea; Melton Cloth, &c., Two Guineas; Negligé Suits of the "Nicoli Cheviot," for rough or country wear. Two Guineas.—H. J. & D. NICOLL, 114, 116, 118, 120 Regent Street, W.; 22 Cornhill, E.C.; and 10 Mosley Street, Manchester.

THE NEW FASHIONS in MANTLES and SHAWLS for the PRESENT SEASON are now ready. An early inspection is respectfully solicited.

FARMER & ROGERS, 171, 173, 175 Regent Street, India shawl Warehousemen, by Appointment, to Her Majesty the Queen and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

OPERA, RACE, and FIELD GLASSES.—The Largest and Best Selection is at CALLAGHAN'S, 21a New Bond Street, W. (corner of Conduit Street). The new telescope mounted glasses are recently made for H.E.H., the Prince of Wales, though of the largest size, weigh but a few ounces.—N.B. Sole Agent for the celebrated Race and Field Glasses made by Volz, Linde, Vienna.

THE DERBY.—RACE GLASSES; the best at CALLAGHAN'S, 21a New Bond Street, W., corner of Conduit Street.

N.B.—Sole Agent to Vienna, Linde, Vienna.

RECONNOITREUR GLASS, post free, 10s. 10d.; weighs 8 ozs., and shows distinctly the Windows and Doors of Houses 10 miles off; Jupiter's Moons, &c. As a landscape glass it is valuable for 25 miles. Nearly all the judges at Epsom and Newmarket use it, and its power being greater than any field-glass out.—"The Reconnoitreur very good."—*Marquis of Carnarvon*. "I never before met an article that so completely answered the recommendation of its maker."—*F. H. Faulkes, of Farnley, Esq.* "An indispensable companion to a pleasure trip. It is as good as it is cheap."—*Notes and Queries*. "The economy of price is not procured at the cost of sacrifice found in other field-glasses, many which had cost more than four times its price."—*Field*. "I have found it effective on the 1,600 yards range."—*Capt. Scudgery, Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield*. The Hythe Glass shows bullet marks at 1,200 yards, &c. Only to be had direct from SALOM & CO., 35 Princes Street, Edinburgh. No Agents.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and FINE JEWELLERY.—FREDERICK HAWLEY, Successor to Thomas Hawley, many years a watchmaker by Special Appointment to His late Majesty George IV. invites inspection of carefully selected STOCK at 148 REGENT STREET, W.

Elegant Gold Watches, jewelled in 4 holes..... £12 0 0 to £25 0 0

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Eight Day Time Pieces..... £12 6 upwards.

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Gold Chains, newest patterns..... £18 0 0

Albert..... 1 10 0 to 18 18 0

Brooches, plain gold, or set with gems..... 15 15 0

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Earrings..... £12 6 5 to 5 5 0

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Rings..... £12 6 5 to 31 0 0

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Portable Folding Bedsteads from 11s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent catches, from 16s. 6d.; and Gold Frame and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower-baths.

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Bedsteads, in great variety, from £1 12s. 6d. to £20.

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IRONMONGER, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis, and post paid. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his limited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Bath, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms, at 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4 Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6 Perry's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

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have observed for some time that it would be advantageous to their Customers to see a much larger selection of BED-ROOM FURNITURE than is usually displayed, and that, to judge properly of the style and merit of the different descriptions of Furniture, it is necessary that each description should be placed in separate rooms. They have therefore erected large and additional Show-rooms, by which they are enabled not only to extend their show of Iron, Brass, and Wood Bedsteads, and Bed-room Furniture, beyond what they believe has ever been attempted, but also to provide several small Rooms for the purpose of keeping complete Suites of Bed-room Furniture in the different styles.

Japanese Bed Goods may be seen in complete suits of five or six different colours, some of them light and some of a darker shade.

Their Bedding is of the best quality, and is made to order, and is of a plain description. Suites of Stained Deal Gothic Furniture, Polished Deal, Oak, and Walnut, are also set apart in separate Rooms, so that Customers are able to see the effect as it would appear in their own Rooms. A suite of very superior Gothic Oak Furniture will be kept in stock, and from time to time new and select Furniture in various Woods will be added.

Bed Furniture is fitted to the Bedsteads in large numbers, so that a complete assortment may be seen, and the effect of any particular Pattern ascertained as it would appear on the Bedstead.

A very large Stock of BEDDING (Hass & Sox's original trade) is placed on the Bedsteads.

The Stock of Mahogany Goods for the better Bed-rooms, and Japanese Goods for plain and Servants' use, is very greatly increased.

The entire Stock is arranged in Eight Rooms, Six Galleries (each 120 feet long), and Two large Ground Floors, the whole forming as complete an assortment of Bed-room Furniture as they think can possibly be desired.

Every attention is paid to the manufacture of the Cabinet-work, and they have just erected large Workshops on the Premises for this purpose, that the manufacture may be under their own immediate care.

Their Bedding Trade receives their constant and personal attention, every article being made on the Premises.

They particularly call attention to their Patent Spring Mattress, the Somnier Elastique Portatif. It is portable, durable, and elastic, and lower in price than any other Spring Mattress.

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